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EDITORIAL NOTICE :—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.... It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Italy is one of the danger-spots of Europe, because it has an excitable population, amongst whom, in the North and Centre, a violent form of Socialism prevails. The economic position in Italy is black, and it is feared that the Italian exchange may go the way of the German. The Italians have no coal; practically no iron; an insufficient quantity of agricultural soil, and a population almost as dense as that of England. Germany and Austria were their principal markets, to which they exported luxuries, that no one now can afford to buy. The Italians were perhaps the best hotel-keepers in the world, more agreeable than the Swiss, and not less rapacious. But foreign travellers in Italy, especially Russians, Germans, and Austrians, are not likely to re-appear for many a long year. One great and unique source of wealth Italy does possess, the water-power of the Southern Alps, in days of electrical machinery a valuable and undeveloped asset. Further, the northern Italians are a strong and industrious race.

The great misfortune of the Allied cause in Russia has been that all those whom it has supported have one by one been murdered or have disappeared. The Tsar Nicholas, Miliukoff, Kerensky, the Grand Dukes, Korniloff, Alexieff, Judenitch, have one after the other vanished. If it be true, as there is little reason to doubt, that Admiral Koltchak has been murdered, after being surrendered by his own troops, it is a most damaging blow to the prestige of the Allies in the sight of the Russian peasants, for no one respects a Power that cannot protect its friends. Mr. Churchill said at Dundee, that the Allied Powers would rue their failure to crush Bolshevism. They will, indeed; but the fault of France is greater than that of England. Both before and during the war, France poured the savings of her people by hundreds of millions into the pockets of Russian officials without taking the trouble to see

that the money was properly spent. We too have lent Russia some 500 millions. As soon as war broke out, France and Britain ought to have insisted on some control of the Russian administration.

President Wilson is one of those men who are described socially as impossible. After wasting precious months in composing a treaty and covenant, which he signed in defiance of the American Constitution, he returned to Washington to find a majority of both Houses against him, and the Senate prepared to repudiate his signature. He then took to his bed, and, save for a hasty hand-shake from under the counterpane with the Prince of Wales, was too ill to see either Lord Grey or his own Cabinet for a period of nine months. He recovers, and at once dismisses Mr. Lansing, his Secretary of State, for having dared to call a Cabinet whilst he, the President, was in bed. He next despatches a Note to Europe, which, if reports be approximately true, is the beginning of a quarrel with Britain, France, and Italy. Having quarrelled with Colonel House, Mr. Lansing, the Republican Party, half the Democratic Party, and the Big Three, is not Mr. Wilson ploughing a lonely furrow?

The Times fusses and frets over the Wilson Note, and feverishly implores the Government not to send a rough answer to the President. This is very undignified, as well as silly, for nothing would please the majority of Americans better than to see Mr. Wilson put in his place by the Big Three. In six or seven months' time, Mr. Wilson will have ceased to exist politically, though he will retain the power of being disagreeable for another six months, till his successor comes into power—such are the intricacies of the American Constitution. We fail to understand all this excitement about the American attitude to this or that European question. If the world should be afflicted with another big European war in twenty or thirty years, America will come into it or not, just as it may suit her in-

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terests, and it is absurd to think that anything Mr. Wilson or even the Senate may do or say to-day will bind the United States in 1940 or 1950. Were we American, we should strongly object to being saddled with police duties in Armenia or Albania.

Is it possible that the Allies have agreed to the trying of the war criminals by the German Court at Leipsig? Anything more laughable could not have been hatched in the brain of a buffoon. We call upon the vanquished to surrender for trial certain alleged criminals, to whom every opportunity of defence will be afforded. The vanquished reply, "No; but we will try our countrymen in their own country, and you may, if you choose, send your witnesses to Leipsig, where, we assure you, they will be given every opportunity of stating their (so-called) charges." Imagine the position of British Tommies and French and Belgian poilus, most of them mutilated and all of them suffering from nervous debility, giving evidence in a German Court against some German general or colonel! Imagine, further, the position of any German judge and jury who should find the culprits guilty! And finally, imagine the yells of exultation with which, after giving the lie to all the British and French witnesses, the German tribunal will acquit its national heroes!

When you have imagined all these things, you will, perhaps, plumb the absurdity of a German trial of war criminals. We don't mean to say that all the accused will be acquitted—the Germans are too clever for that. For the sake of appearances, a certain number of serjeants and corporals, perhaps even a colonel or two, will be handed over to an honourable imprisonment, which will be quickly remitted. But the real criminals, the camp-commandants, the commanders of divisions or corps, will either fail to appear, or be acquitted. Anyway, the trials will occupy four or five years at least, for you cannot try a thousand criminals in much less time. A mass of risible blunders is the only description that fits our democratic diplomacy in the affair of war-criminals.

And what of William of Hohenzollern? The note addressed to Holland by the Powers—or is it the League of Nations?—is majestic, minatory and shrewd in its thrusts at the Dutchman, who is a little given to folding of the hands and to slumber, when he is not making money. It can only have been composed by one pen. We recognise the "dazzling fence" of him, who was "F.E.": "*agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.*" But is it meant? The Dutch have played a selfish, and anything but heroic part in the war. Making every allowance for their geographical position, we are under no sort of obligation to manage their pride and obstinacy. It is to be hoped that if Holland persists in her attitude, steps will be taken to compel compliance. Otherwise, the first time the League of Nations has tried to exercise authority, it has been disobeyed.

An open anonymous letter to Lord Northcliffe has been sent to every member of the House of Commons, and is being handed about in the clubs. It is too long for a letter, and as a literary composition it "lacks finish"; but it is eloquent testimony to the hatred and contempt of the political world for our Lord Poly-papist. The reason is not far to seek. For the first time a great newspaper owner has used his numerous journals, not for the support of a party, or a cause, or for the independent advocacy of some public object; but for the amassing of a fortune by sensational "stunts"; for the procuring of successive steps in the peerage; for the embarrassment of every Government; and for the vilipend of his personal enemies. The Walters, the Borthwicks, and the Lawsons, never aroused hatred or anger, because they never abused their power. Added to this, Lord Northcliffe hasn't the courage to face his foes in the House of Lords.

Sir Thomas Raleigh's career illustrates the truth of an observation which Chesterfield was always impressing upon his son, that a good manner (not always the same thing as good manners), is one of the most important aids to success. Raleigh had a really first-rate brain; and his knowledge of the science of law, of history, of literature, and of political economy, was prodigious. But he was so invincibly shy and reserved that he gave most people the impression of being about the most disagreeable man they had ever met. This cold, arrogant, taciturn manner is a bad handicap at the Bar and in politics, though some men overcome it, by luck, or by establishing a monopoly. Raleigh was not one of these; and the legal membership of the Viceroy's Council was the apogee of his life. He was a good speaker to an educated audience, though rather Scottish donnish. Lord Milner's manner is as good as Raleigh's was bad: and we see the contrast in results.

It looks as if the genius of Marconi were about to convert the world into a whispering gallery, and consequently to render useless the art of writing. If it comes true, what a time the women will have! When one reflects upon the indifference with which the English nation have treated the greatest inventor of his age, one doesn't know whether to smile or to rage. Consider our Beaverbrooks and our Inverfords and our Northcliffes and our Riddells loaded with peerages and millions, while the discoverer of wireless is allowed to slink off unnoticed, and to transfer his brain and his allegiance to Italy! Born of an Irish mother, and married to a daughter of one of the great Irish houses, Signor Marconi has been very kindly permitted by the British people to link his name with a financial scandal!

The ordinary man or woman, who has something else to do but read the newspapers of a morning, may well feel confused by the multiplicity of events, and of words pretending to represent those events, which now solicit their attention. There is the House of Commons hard at work making new laws, or trying to make old laws work; and there are two very august bodies sitting in London to arrange the affairs of the world, viz., the Supreme Council of the League of Nations and the Conference of Premiers, Messrs. Lloyd George, Millerand, Nitti, and others, like M. Venizelos and Dr. Trumbitch, waiting in the ante-chamber. When you read the emission of some world-shaking edict, you never know whether it proceeds from the Council of the League of Nations or the consortium of Prime Ministers. Has any one, except a few officials and journalists, time to read the 16 or 20 pages of the *Times*? In America this difficulty is solved by the busy man's postponing all his reading to the Day of Rest, though even then he is baulked, as many of the American Sunday papers run to a hundred pages. Deliver us, good Signor Marconi!

Though his object is commendable, we cannot congratulate Colonel Gibbs on the wording of his motion for a Committee of Inquiry into the practicability of a special tax on "war-time wealth." For what is war-time wealth? Mr. Chamberlain was more careful, and spoke of "war-wealth." In truth the inquiry ought to be directed to the working of the excess profits duty, which some people evaded. The only wealth which is the proper subject of a special duty or tax, is money made out of the manufacture and sale of the necessities of war, on the same principle that an excessive or usurious rate of interest is not allowed. It is immoral for any one to squeeze an excessive profit out of the necessity of his neighbour (though it is what the coal miners, the railway men, and the transport workers are doing all the time), still more, out of the necessity of his country during war. But a man's wealth may have been increased during the last five years by his saving, or by the rise in the value of his investments. Is this "war-time wealth," and ought it to be specially taxed?

Take, for instance, a holder of shares in Harrods, or Courtaulds, or in gold, rubber, or shipping companies. All these shares have risen owing to the changed conditions of the world; and a fortunate investor might easily find his capital increased by 50 or 100 per cent., though he did nothing all the time but " shave and pay his debts and say his prayers"—perhaps, even fight. On the other hand, there are individuals who had £500 in 1914; and who in 1920 have £500,000; and they may be, morally speaking, proper subjects of special taxation. But can you catch them? Nothing is so dangerous as selecting individuals for taxation. Mr. Chamberlain was right in saying that the fear of this kind of taxation, capital levies and the like, is one of the main causes of the present extravagance and luxury.

Why should I save money to be clutched by the tax-gatherer? asks many a man, with reason. Sometimes we are lectured by Cabinet Ministers (with £5,000 salary and an official residence), and told that it is a patriotic duty to save, and so help to pay off the National Debt. If we could be sure that our savings would go to the reduction of the National Debt, there might be something in this argument. But when we see that a large portion of our taxes are to be diverted to paying higher wages to miners and railway-men and dockers, who refuse to pay income-tax; to building houses below the cost of production for these men to live in; and to providing gymnasias, and tennis-courts for the sons and daughters of these classes in secondary schools; when we see these things, the class that pays income-tax and death duties may well say that it prefers to spend its own money on itself. And so vive la bagatelle! As well spend £5,000 on a Rolls-Royce car as hand the money over to Dr. Addison or Mr. H. A. L. Fisher.

In an envelope addressed "The Sick Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW" (American humour) was enclosed a cutting from the *New York Herald*, containing the following:—"On this side of the Atlantic many persons regret that there is not in the ranks of our suffrage party a woman like the former Nancy Langhorne of Virginia. If there were, the reproach might be removed from the adorable and adored sex which had the misfortune to contribute to statesmanship the sentimental and pathetic figure of the Hon. Jeanette Rankin of Montana." We haven't the faintest idea what were the contributions to statesmanship of the Hon. Jeanette Rankin of Montana. But we are quite willing that the former Nancy Langhorne of Virginia should retire from an illegal position and rejoin the Suffrage party in America, though we are afraid she is neither a sentimental nor a pathetic figure.

The writer (who obviously belongs to "the sob brigade") continues:—"As for the REVIEW's theory that Lady Astor is ineligible to sit as a Commoner because she is a peeress, it is simply absurd. Her momentary 'rank' is virtually a courtesy one, depending on the life of Lord Astor. If he died to-morrow and his son was married, the wife of the latter would be 'Lady Astor,' and the present member for Plymouth would be the 'Dowager Viscountess'—just that and nothing more." You don't say! These lessons in English Constitutional law and the usages of English society are profoundly interesting as coming from an American. English peeresses will no doubt be a little surprised to learn that their rank is "momentary," that it is "virtually a courtesy one," and that it depends on the life of their husbands. For a passionate interest in the table of precedence give us the citizens of a Republic: only not being to the manner born, they do make little mistakes occasionally, even though they write for the *New York Herald*.

Two clever and thoughtful women have lately imparted to the public their views on their sex. Mrs. M. W. Nevinson has confided to the *Evening Standard*, that "we are on the high road to polygamy," though possibly she meant polyandry. She added,

"I am disappointed in women. They seem to be losing their self-control." Mrs. C. G. Hartley, in a book, entitled, 'Woman's Wild Oats,' declares that "our social life is worm-eaten and crumbling with rottenness, with secret and scandalous hidden relationships; these dark and misty by-ways of sexual conduct want to be spring-cleaned and made decent." She deplores "the present passion for irresponsible spending; the fact that all the biggest shops in London are devoted to women's clothes," and she adds: "I would make it illegal for a tradesman to display for sale any kind of wearing apparel, dress goods or articles connected with a woman's toilet, either in shop-windows or inside the shops. Nothing must be shown to any customer until it is asked for." Excellent! But if we had dared to say any of these terrible things about "the adored and adorable sex" (see *New York Herald*), how we should have been abused for our misogyny!

Mr. Bevin, in cross-examining the Chairman of the Cunard Company, asked if he, Sir Alfred Booth, could keep himself and his family on £3 17s. a week. On Sir Alfred's replying No, Mr. Bevin then asked if Sir Alfred Booth was more valuable than a dock labourer, to which Sir Alfred answered, "That is a matter of opinion." He should have said, a matter of supply and demand. Sir Alfred Booth is paid, let us say, £10,000 a year, and a docker is paid £3 or £4 a week, for no other reason than because dockers are numerous and Sir Alfred Booths are scarce. If Sir Alfred Booths were as plentiful as dockers, they would receive the same wage. The Chairman of the Cunard Company is one out of a hundred thousand: the number of men who carry sacks and cases to and from a ship are numbered by hundreds of thousands. When will the working classes, who say they are fit to govern, learn the elements of economic truth?

When Mr. Bevin was asked by Lord Shaw whether he would accept a sliding-scale of wages for dock labourers, that is a rate of wages rising and falling with the cost of living, he flew, or pretended to fly, into a passion, and declared that the proposal was an insult, and was degrading the docker to the level of an animal! Here again we have an incredible ignorance of economic controversy. We are all, dockers and intellectuals, animals, who require food and clothes and fuel; and most of us intellectuals would be glad to be called animals, if only our salaries rose with the cost of living. The value of money depends on the cost of living; and nothing would be fairer than a sliding scale for all, if it were practicable. Clergymen, who are not more animals than dock labourers, are paid by a sliding scale in the shape of tithes. Mr. Bevin and his clients want to fix wages during abnormal inflation, wages which would again be doubled by a return to normal prices.

The Labour party made no reply to the scathing indictment launched against the Trade Unions in the debate on Wednesday: perhaps they are too proud to fight; or perhaps they had no reply to make. There are 400,000 ex-service men unemployed, and a shortage of 200,000 men in the building trade. "Anyone can lay bricks," as Mr. Sexton admitted; yet the Bricklayers' Union refuse to allow the employment of ex-soldiers. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Sheet Metal Workers close their doors pitilessly to those who have fought for the lives of trade unionists. Mr. Hopkinson was actually haled before the munitions tribunal by the trade unions under the Pre-War Practices Act and fined for employing ex-soldiers. This is what Mr. Hopkinson said in the House of Commons of trade unionism: "Without faith and without hope and without charity it was moving to its end. It was its own ignorance and selfishness that had made it what it was. Trade unionism never had any ideals at all, but simply desires for riches without duties, of power without mercy." The Government is greatly to blame for passing the Pre-War Practices Act.

THE BAD BEGINNING OF THE LEAGUE.

THE second meeting of the Council of the League of Nations held in London last week, was virtually the beginning of the practical activities of that ambitious organisation. The first meeting of the Council in Paris was a preliminary session almost wholly devoted to formalities, and there was nothing to be learned from the meagre accounts of its proceedings, which were published in the press. The London meeting, however, was of real and immediate importance. The affairs of Danzig and the Saar Valley were regulated; a committee of international jurists was appointed to draft a scheme for the Permanent Court of International Justice to be set up under the League; the accession of Switzerland was arranged upon terms which will permit her to retain her military neutrality; and the Council undertook to call a meeting of experts upon international finance and the problem of the exchanges. In brief, a number of concrete problems, which severely tested the efficiency of the new organisation, were taken in hand and settled in some three days of arduous collaboration. Reading between the lines of the formal memoranda and resolutions adopted by the Council, we may perceive that some very expert official work was done and that there was some very dexterous negotiation behind closed doors.

For the public, however, the most important fact about these proceedings is also the most discouraging, namely, that the officials who have in charge the publicity work of the League, evidently think it unnecessary to take the slightest trouble to make their record in the least interesting or comprehensible to the ordinary intelligent observer. There is apparently no member of the League competent to issue a humanly readable account of the League's proceedings for the information of the public; or, if there be any such person, he is too indolent or short-sighted to perceive the necessity. The public is left to digest formal resolutions drafted in the flattest official phraseology and memoranda invariably undistinguished. Such material is of necessity ensepulched in the smallest type of Printing House Square, which few read and fewer still would be any the wiser for reading. Anything more absurd than the so-called public proceedings at the St. James's Palace on the part of an organisation which will depend for its prestige and utility on the amount of interest and support it will derive from public opinion cannot possibly be imagined. We are not complaining that the real work of the Council was done in private session. All important international political work will be done privately to the end of history. It was, of course, necessary for the members of the Council to exchange views in private and to arrive at their effective decisions in private. But care should have been taken to explain to the press and to the public in simple terms why certain decisions were necessary and what was their real importance. A rapid muttering of printed documents, punctuated with fatigued declarations of assent from the Councillors, seems to be the worst possible method of procedure. It gives to the public performances of the League, from which the public will form its opinions, the appearance of being merely an official record of carefully organised special pleadings and decisions whose real motives are obscured rather than illuminated by the reporters detailed to present them. There must be something wrong about a system that allows a public session which includes among its members two statesmen of the quality of M. Bourgeois and Mr. Balfour to possess no interest whatever (except as a record of action taken) and never once to strike a note of real humanity. At all events, if the Councillors of the League are necessarily to be condemned to read great slabs of printed matter to the public, let Sir Eric Drummond engage the services of some competent penman whose English rises above the linguistic hybrid (something between the style of a legal process and a vice-consular report), which has lately become the official idiom of our bureaucracy.

To take one particular case. In our view the most

significant act of the Council of the League was the appointment of a Frenchman to be the Chairman or Executive Head of the Governing Commission of the Saar. A long memorandum on the subject was read to the public by M. Caclamanos, the Greek member. A number of facts and arguments were presented, all going to show that the French are anxious to make the connexion between France and the Saar Valley as close as possible. This, like most of what was said publicly at the St. James's Palace, went without saying. What the public should really be told, if the League honestly desires to take the public into its confidence, is why the Council of the League has decided that the interests of France should, from a strictly international point of view, prevail against the intention of the Treaty of Versailles which, presumably, was to set up in the Saar Valley a genuinely international régime and not in any way to prejudge the question of its ultimate territorial attribution by plebiscite. The memorandum read by M. Caclamanos could only mean that the Council desired deliberately to foster a condition of things in the Saar Valley which would bind it fast to the French administrative and economic system. Bluntly stated, it seems to be the policy of the Council to detach the Saar Valley from the German Empire. We do not think it wise or desirable that the conversations should be made public whereby this tremendously important concession to France was arranged, but the public have a right to expect that the matter should not be wilfully obscured. Nothing said publicly at the Council meetings so much as hinted that this was a cardinal question. Either the League deliberately desired to cover its tracks or it did not realise the importance of its own decision. The latter alternative is hardly credible. Mr. Balfour is an experienced diplomatist, and M. Caclamanos, who was France's advocate, does not look the kind of man to pull chestnuts out of the fire without knowing what he is about.

Is this to be an instance of the way in which the League intends to conduct its business? Is there to be no public indication of the real significance of its decisions? Are we to read its resolutions, only to be left wondering why it should do one thing instead of another? The case in point could not be more decisive. It was the intention in Paris to set up a preponderantly international and disinterested régime in the Saar Valley. The Council of the League in London decides that the Executive Head of this régime shall be one of the interested parties. The only explanation given to the public is a memorandum which few are likely to read, and which, to the minds of those whose special interest prompts them to study it, resolves itself into an argument which elaborately begs the question.

INDEMNITIES FROM GERMANY.

IT is gradually becoming clear even to the most enthusiastic supporters of the extraordinary arrangements made at Versailles that the Peace Treaty is not "a masterpiece of democratic statesmanship," that large portions of it are quite unworkable. Revision is urgently needed, not only in the interest of the defeated nations and of justice and fairness, but in the interests of the victorious Powers as well.

Towards the end of the War the demand arose that Germany should be punished for her evil deeds, and that she should be made to pay in full for the destruction and the losses which she had caused. From the sentimental point of view that twofold demand was perfectly natural. But unfortunately one cannot squeeze blood out of a stone, nor can one obtain much money from a bankrupt who is kept shut up in prison by his creditors.

Since July, 1914, the troubles of the Allies were chiefly caused by the fact that they tried to follow at the same time two irreconcilable policies instead of a single and a practical one. That defect has marred the Treaty of Versailles. The Allies could either ruin

Germany, or they could make her pay to the utmost. It was for them to choose one of these two policies. However, they have tried, perhaps unwillingly, to ruin her and to make her pay an enormous bill at the same time, and the natural result is that Germany's ability to pay is constantly declining and rapidly approaching the zero point. Meanwhile, the over-taxed peoples are loudly clamouring for relief from the huge German indemnities which were promised to them.

While the Peace was being negotiated, no sum seemed to be large enough for Germany to pay. Germany was to hand over at least £5,000,000,000. Mr. J. M. Keynes, who assisted in the Peace negotiations, and who has given an unedifying account of the proceedings, has proposed in his book that Germany should be made to pay £2,000,000,000. Germany is gradually sinking into a political and economic morass, and before long she may be completely engulfed. She is threatened with ruin, revolution and the dissolution of the State. Events may bring about the complete downfall of the country, its disintegration into its component parts. If Germany should go to pieces, her ruin would be complete. The individual States would scarcely be able to pay anything. At best they might furnish a tiny fraction of the sum proposed by Mr. Keynes, and its distribution among the Allies would scarcely be worth while. The proceeds would be too insignificant.

The Exchange is an invaluable indicator of a country's economic health. At the time of the Armistice the German exchange stood at 38. At that time 38 marks were equivalent in value to £1. Since then German money has been constantly depreciating. At present the exchange stands above 300. This means that German prices are, roughly, fifteen times as high as English prices, and that German prices are about 30 times as high as they were in 1914.

Owing to the tremendous fall in the exchange, the capital and income of a large section of the German people has shrunk to one-thirtieth of the pre-war value. A high official, or a rentier, who in 1914 had an income of marks 9,000, or £450, has now an actual income of £15, provided of course his investments have not become worthless owing to the War. The German middle-class is in distress and is rapidly consuming its savings. The doubling and trebling of salaries does not prevent the ruin of large numbers. Owing to the extraordinary depreciation of the currency and the consequent shrinkage of the national capital and income, Germany's finances are in the greatest disorder. The State cannot find the money necessary for carrying on, except by borrowing, and the Germans cannot buy abroad the food and raw materials which they need. Still less can they, of course, pay indemnities. The national industries are at a standstill for lack of materials. The wealthy are being impoverished by the stagnation of business, and the masses are ill-employed, ill-clothed, underfed and desperate. Dissatisfaction is general and may lead to another upheaval.

A large portion of Germany's resources has been taken away from her. She has lost to Poland and France nearly one-half of her coal and four-fifths of her iron-ore. At the price of £1 per ton the coal lost to her represents a value of nearly £200,000,000,000. The Eastern Provinces of Germany which are going to Poland produced one-third of Germany's corn, potatoes, cattle, horses, etc. She has lost the bulk of her foreign investments, her foreign trade, her colonies, her merchant marine. The British Government report on Food Conditions in Germany contained the forecast that, owing to the great loss of her mineral, agricultural and industrial resources and the vastly increased burden of taxation, distress would compel from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 Germans to emigrate to foreign countries. The chances for receiving a large indemnity from Germany are not exactly rosy.

The directing statesmen of the Powers lately leagued against Germany must make up their minds whether they want compensation or revenge, for they cannot have both. If they want compensation, they must enable Germany to live and to thrive, for a starving

people has no surplus. Germany can pay an indemnity only if she prospers once more. She can pay an indemnity to foreign nations only in the form of exports and of services. Competing German exports are, of course, not wanted. England, France, Belgium and Italy do not wish to see their industries swamped by German productions. So the statesmen should arrange that Germany should pay an indemnity not in cash but in selected non-competitive manufactures, and especially in raw materials, such as coal, potash and timber. Besides that Germans might be made to rebuild the districts which they have devastated.

The Germans will be able to export only if they have enough food and raw material, and if order reigns once more in the country. For some time to come they cannot produce a great surplus of coal from their Westphalian mines because these have now to supply the whole of the country since the Silesian mines and the Saar mines have been lost to Germany. Besides the production of the war-weakened miners has greatly fallen off and the German inland transport is in disorder. If the German economic organisation should work smoothly once more, Germany might be able to pay to the Allies every year gigantic and steadily increasing amounts in the shape of coal extracted from her Westphalian coal-mines, for these contain considerably more coal than the whole of the United Kingdom.

Ill-clothed, underfed and desperate men cannot produce enough for themselves. According to the reports of British experts appointed by the Government, the working power of the German masses has been reduced to one-half by long-continued want. Mr. Keynes has proposed that the Allies should advance to Germany £500,000,000 worth of food and raw materials to enable her to set to work. Sentiment directs democratic policy. If huge advances are made to tide the people over difficult times, England's allies have, of course, a stronger claim to consideration than Germany. So the position looks unpromising both for Germany and for those who hope for a relief of taxation from the promised German war-indemnities.

The position of Austria and of Hungary is, of course, even worse than that of Germany. The Austrian crown, which before the war was worth 10d. is now worth a farthing, and in view of the fact that prices have doubled, its purchasing power is only that of half a farthing. In other words the wealth and income of a large part of the Austrian population has been reduced to one-eighthieth in consequence of the war. Their economic defeat has been far more disastrous to the Central Powers than their military defeat.

LEARNING ENGLISH IN AMERICA.

THE Senate, we are informed, has passed the Kenyon Americanisation Bill for the compulsory learning of English by American citizens and aliens. Under penalty of a nature not at present disclosed to an expectant Europe, aliens unable to speak English must attend school for at least four hours a week till they attain the age of forty-six, or have acquired the language. Whether exceptions are made to this edict, we are not at present informed, but it would be convenient for travellers unskilled in English-as-she-is-spoke in the States to ascertain, before proceeding thither on business, how much time must be deducted from their working day to satisfy the powers that be of their ability to express themselves in the compulsory language. Will a permit to converse in other tongues carry all over the country, or will every State be entitled to censor the traveller's vocabulary and accent? Will a proof of ability to speak English, when habitually conversing, say, in Chinese, purge the alien of contumacy?

This is no academic question for us in England. It concerns us every bit as much as it does the various Dutchies and Dagos it is meant to ensnare. For what we speak in these islands, reluctant as we may be to admit the impeachment, is not, according to American standards, English at all. Consequently, unless the Kenyon Americanisation Law remains, like

other measures which have passed the Senate, *embusqué* in the Statute book without harming any mortal soul, we may yet see Mr. Hugh Walpole, Professor Gilbert Murray, Sir George Paish, Charlie Chaplin, and other missionaries of the Entente attending dame-school with smiling Chinks and the remnant of the Doukhobor refugees. Eminent Englishmen will be obliged to revise the time-tables of their lecturing tours to fit the attendance hours of the local schools, and Kansas schoolmarm may rebuke the Oxford drawl of visiting politicians who have up till now been listened to even by Boston in silent endurance.

It will be a wholesome discipline for us and such as us, when under the harrow of American purists in our mother-tongue we are effectually "larned" to be British toads. The ordeal will be less severe, if Washington gives us a hint as to the dialect of American which will be deemed to be English for the purposes of the Kenyon Bill. We ought not to waste time in practising phrases like "Beyond a peradventure," or "Too proud to accept mandates," if a mere concession to fashion like the pronunciation "Yep" or "Nope" would see us scathless, or a blessed word such as "uplift" gains full marks. British Labour delegates to the States will be well-advised to mind h's as well as p's and q's, and the Briton of all degrees landing in God's own country will consult his safety, if he tells the newspaper-men how much he likes it either in dumb-show or under his sign-manual. For, as it stands, the Kenyon Bill seems not to penalise those who cannot write English.

This is an oversight which should be corrected. For not only would penal legislation on this point relieve the American author of formidable competition on the part of British writers who allow their pens to run away with them while on American soil, but it could be extended to the imported book on the principle: "The Book is the Man." It might also react advantageously on Great Britain's indigenous press. For the Academy set up to decide the great question, "What is English?" would no doubt be immediately recognised as an authority through what is now called the English-speaking world, and it would bring our effete dialects, so to speak, sharply to heel. The man who complains in the *Times* that a rival authority is "obtorting" Shakespeare "into a concert-room calamity" would, no less than our new Cubist poets, feel the whip from across the Atlantic. But not much can be hoped from Washington in hunting to death what Professor Quiller-Couch calls jargon. American Blue Books and State papers, being larger than ours, are even fuller of it than those obtainable (though seldom obtained) of the Stationery Office. No one knows how really unpopular American Government publications are, because with a misleading generosity they are given gratis to anyone desiring information or waste paper; but we on this side are under no illusion as to the attractiveness of the exhibits brought into Court by Government Departments on their trial. No Academy endowed with the instinct of self-preservation will venture to censor these.

One very delicate consideration has been left to the last. Senator Kenyon, when drafting a Bill about the official language of the United States, has been obliged to refer to it as "English." At the first glance we are tempted to regard as derogatory to a Great New People the name so long borne by the tongue of an effete race, a back number even before America won the war, and now demonstrably a beggar at Jona than's backporch. But this is not how the truth is envisaged from the Western Hemisphere. The term "English," as applied to language, has been transferred from ignoble to appropriate uses. Just as before 1914 Germany adopted Shakespeare as a German hero, because the British Isles has been found incapable of commenting on him at adequate length, so now America rescues the English language from the island barbarians. America has preserved that tongue in all the richness and purity of Elizabeth's age. America has adorned it with countless gems of fancy, making it, in the words of one of her eminent critics, "both elegant and meaty." She invents, daily, epithets and adjectives of which we with our slower minds are in-

capable. Only a youth in whom Romeo's tongue lives still untarnished in its golden speech could address his beloved as "Pie-face." No European can match the Western politician in simile or vituperation. The sceptre has slipped from nerveless hands.

A last warning. Let no rash Kenyon of British blood attempt to hustle a retaliatory measure through the House of Lords. The first sentence of an American subject to four hours' hard labour weekly for failure to speak English as understood upon the Thames would be a *casus belli*. We have the Monroe doctrine warning off interference. Let us wait in chastened gratitude to see what the Washington Kenyon has prepared for us. Our misuse of our magnificent language has long disgraced us. Perhaps Kenyonism is the punishment we deserve.

PURCELL AT CAMBRIDGE.

DURING the past week there has been a revival of Purcell's opera, 'The Fairy Queen,' at Cambridge. As the score of the music was advertised as lost in 1701, and only turned up again in the present century, this performance is the first since the work was originally produced under the direction of the composer. The idea of performing it at Cambridge was discussed before the war by the enthusiastic band of amateurs who produced the 'Magic Flute' there some years ago, and has now after many delays been brought to a highly successful conclusion. The play is a curious one. The unknown author simply took Shakespeare's 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' cut it down as far as possible, and added at the end of every act a long series of songs and dances dealing with the main idea of the play at the moment. Thus we have what one may call the Masque of Love, the Masque of Night, the Masque of the Dawn, and the Masque of Hymen, concluding the last four acts. Since these musical sections are considerably longer than the dramatic scenes, the opera looks (on paper) cumbrous and impossible. But in performance the violence done to Shakespeare is forgotten, and the ballet divertissement made out of his play proves admirably effective. Indeed, for the first time since his immortality Shakespeare has had to take a second place. His famous fairy play doesn't matter. At least, it matters only to the extent that it supplies the argument for something else. We listen to the well-known scenes with the faint appreciation usually accorded to the recitatives in an oratorio. Purcell has all the honours.

His music consists of a series of songs, dances, and choruses, which appear, when read, entirely detached and irrelevant to the purposes of the drama. But such is not the case. When Titania goes to sleep, she goes to sleep in fairyland, and a dream of dances begins, to which the chain of songs and choruses give the clue. A veiled figure, Night, rises and weaves her spell in a song to the accompaniment of muted violins and violas. After Night come Mystery and Secresie, each figure with a song in its own humour, and lastly Sleep, the deep sleep of midnight, with a bass song whose long silences are echoed with wonderful effect by the pianissimo chorus. Each song has its accompanying dance or ordered movement among the crowd of fairy figures on the stage, and represents a new phase of the main thought. The thing is a ballet, but a ballet interpreted by songs and choruses in a way that gives it a progressive movement, and helps to make its meaning clear. Shakespeare had suggested fairyland; here was a fairy drama, a drama of the forces of nature, worked out with all the fancy of artist and musician, and Purcell's music is of inimitable grace and dignity.

We describe the work so much in detail, because it is a curiosity, and has never been heard within the memory of man; but no one must imagine that its interest is mainly antiquarian. On the contrary, as performed at Cambridge, it proved highly artistic, and interesting from beginning to end. There were no great singers, it is true, and Purcell's difficult style demands exceptional intelligence. The scenery was of the simplest, just three or four hanging cloths to form a background; and the dances were only of the

natural kind, that you expect at amateur performances; but the ensemble obtained was wonderful, and reflects great credit on Mr. Clive Carey, by whom the play was produced. He also acted in the Masques, and the two musical numbers in which he took a personal part, a farcical country dialogue, in which he was the shepherdess, and Winter's song in the Masque of the Seasons, were among the best solo pieces. But the whole company must have laboured long and lovingly together to have secured so admirable a result. There were more than a hundred performers on the stage besides an orchestra of thirty-eight, practically all amateurs. Dr. Cyril Rootham conducted the orchestra, and was responsible for the interpretation of the music, a matter of considerable difficulty with no tradition to appeal to. Of the characters in the drama, by far the most noticeable was Puck, acted by Mr. Robert Mawdesley. His face was ideal as a representation of that tricksy spirit, and his performance was well in keeping with it. The rustic scenes were naturally not so important as in the original play, but went well, the lamentable tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe being shown in dumb show to the accompaniment of one of Purcell's rumbling dance tunes. It is a pity that Bottom's assinine mask was adjusted in such strange fashion. It appeared as a sort of casque on the top of his head, his eyes looking through a little window at the top of a huge throat, which made his figure monstrous.

The characters of the drama do not sing in Purcell's later operas. 'Dido and Aeneas' he constructed after the model of the Italians; Dido speaks in recitative, and sings her own death song; but he made up his mind that the English do not "like the constant singing," and in all his subsequent works has a spoken drama, introducing special singers for the musical parts. So the music gives no chance of high passion, but there are two comic scenes in which it takes part with excellent effect. When the fairies first appear, they plague and pinch a drunken poet. Here a stammering solo is broken by snatches of mischievous chorus in most original fashion. This is excellent fooling; the other comic scene is the pastoral dialogue above-mentioned. The choruses of which the work is full were excellently sung, and, being in the old English manner, made a great part of its charm. The crowd of dancers and singers, moving to the stately rhythm of the music, were remarkably well drilled, and the tableau at the end of the fourth act was splendid.

Altogether the revival was so interesting that one cannot help wishing it might be brought to London as a specimen of the kind of entertainment that pleased our ancestors. The *Gentleman's Journal* of 1691 writes, "The Court and Town were wonderfully satisfy'd with the Fairy Queen. The Music and Decorations are extraordinary." It might give suggestions for a new style of native opera, and could not fail to attract the attention of everyone who cares for English music.

MR. EPSTEIN'S SCULPTURES AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

EVERYONE to whom form can be expressive must receive profound enjoyment from Mr. Jacob Epstein's Sculpture at the Leicester Galleries. The vitality which radiates from this ring of dark bronze busts is immensely impressive; visitors appear pale and ephemeral beside such concentrated life. The monumental and strictly sculptural side of Mr. Epstein's talent is scarcely shown. There are no experiments in abstract construction, or fresh combinations of material, such as have caused discussion in his previous exhibitions, but the experience gained from these doubtlessly underlies and supports all his work. For the present he has turned from them to delve deeper into human personality, to follow the naturalistic impulse with greater intensity, and to express it with richer decorative effect than ever before.

The exhibition is dominated by the figure of 'Christ,' newly risen from the grave, its cerements

still clinging to Him. The tall, frail body seems mere structure and scaffolding for the upper portion, which shows the head thrown back, and right hand raised, displaying the wound in the palm, to which the left hand points. The flat simplified planes of the head, the perfect unity of mass and gesture, make a most compelling work, even in this small Gallery. It is not a figure which looks equally well from every side, the lower portion seems lacking in mass, but placed in a long gallery or corridor, its effect would be tremendous. The type of head chosen is that of a sombre, but convinced, enthusiast and seer. Needless to say, Mr. Epstein's treatment is not that of conventional illustration, but to treat such a theme at all is to call up an instinctive comparison, not only with the accumulated representations of centuries, but also with each individual onlooker's interpretation of Christ's personality. To satisfy all such comparisons is impossible. But if Mr. Epstein's conception is personal rather than traditional, it is patently free from insincerity and the desire to astonish. The germinating idea may well have been largely a technical problem of planes, and lines, of forces and stresses, but "find the right word, and you say much more," and the result here is a bronze figure of great force, stimulating, not echoing, thought, an expressive creation the equivalent of which no other living sculptor could supply.

The rest of the exhibition is made up of portrait studies, very varied in outlook. There can be no doubt about the brilliant success of 'An American Soldier.' It is a piece of close and intimate modelling such as we associate with Rodin, and seems to reach the limit of realistic portraiture in its rendering of individual characteristics. At the opposite pole is the research for style in No. 7, 'Portrait of a Lady.' The obvious influence of Aztec, or other primitive art will disconcert some, and it may be that Mr. Epstein will not travel further in this direction. But examine the profile against the white background; then the line flows without a break from forehead to chin; the contrast between the smooth planes of the face and the severe rhythm in the wavy hair is beautiful, as pure form, while there is lovely modelling in neck and back. The 'Masque de Meum' is another instance of the close attention which Mr. Epstein gives to the art of the past. Its patina is so like an antique as to be disquieting, but, as an exercise in style, it is full of delicate beauty; the arches of cheek and frontal bones are drawn with a fine feeling for symmetrical shapes. Other busts are more vigorous, full of colour and richly decorative. The portrait of Mrs. Epstein, with lace headdress, the lines of which fall in cascades, overshadowing the head, might well be a Mater Dolorosa of late Italian sculpture. 'Lillian Shelley' is rather spectacular too, in its appeal of vague flowing forms of drapery, with an almost affected grace in the hands. But it is full of amazing vitality. Perhaps the most complete bust of this nature is 'Helene,' a girl bending forward in a pose expressive of hesitating tenderness. Examine it from whatever point you will, the profiles are clean cut, searched, yet beautiful. There is no dead surface, the material pulsates with life as does the paint in a late Rembrandt. The use of strong fresh green colour in 'Gabrielle Saonne' is too insistent and obscures the form, but it is most delicately perceptive in character. In contrast to this, No. 9, 'Head of a Girl,' is compact and massive, with something of the Roman. There are other fine busts, and four studies of a babe, No. 5 showing a splendidly Rabelaisian sense of life; in fact, not one of the sixteen pieces is without fine qualities. They are the work of a romantic, rather than of a classic, temperament. Such brilliance of touch, and eloquence of effect might seem dangerous, if we did not know the other side of the sculptor's work, his carvings and abstract constructions. Restraint and delicate perfection of modelling are perhaps lacking, or, rather, are not aimed at, but surely no one but an artist of the first rank could have created such genuine and moving images of life. Whatever value the art of our restless and tormented time may hold

for the future, Mr. Epstein is, beyond a doubt, its most brilliant interpreter in sculpture.

At the Leicester Galleries, too, the Senefelder Club is showing an unusually interesting collection of lithographs, in which the work of members is rather overwhelmed by examples of such great elders as Goya, Daumier, Millet and Corot, and such moderns as Manet, Bonnan, Vuillard and Anguethin. But there are genuinely interesting prints by Mr. John Copley, Mr. G. W. Bellows, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Guevara and others.

In the five years which have elapsed since its last exhibition, the title of the "Modern" Society of Portrait Painters has become misleading. Its members are "modern" only in the sense of their still living in our midst, but, as if conscious of a rather false position, some of them have gallantly engaged in a series of Matisseries. These have the superficial uglinesses of their model, and, in two instances at least, a freshness of colour and design which makes the serious work look still older and more staid. Mr. W. B. Ranken's talent as a "male-impersonator"—of Mr. Sargent this time—is most brilliantly shown in 'Katherine and Laetitia.' His other portraits reach, we hope, the limit of fashionable society's demands for frothy, showy, but empty, painting. Mr. J. St. H. Lander's young Naval Officers seem as smooth, polished and spotless as the surfaces of his canvases—hardly, one would think, the qualities expected of the Senior Service even by the fashionable. The much-abused Royal Academy could hardly show work less modern, or alive, than this. Mr. Guevara, a non-member, has two portraits of great richness and brilliance of colour. His dry unsympathetic contours conflict with this richness, and the head in 'Autumn' is unmodelled in comparison with the arms and shoulders, but both paintings show his individual talent. Apart from his two canvases, the best worth examination are the sound, thoughtful works of Mr. E. H. Shepherd and Mr. Eric George, with their obvious care for traditional craftsmanship. Mr. Glyn Philpot's 'Head of a Child' is an unusually good example of his sense of beautiful substance in paint, and Mr. J. H. Wells and Mr. T. T. Baxter show portraits which are refreshing in their genuine characterisation. Mr. Ronald Gray's modest but thoroughly worked-out portrait of Professor Fred Brown is a characteristic likeness of one whose advice and experience has been at the service of many present-day artists. An exhibition of Professor Brown's water colours at the Goupil Gallery shows the genuineness of his talent as a painter, and the vitality that he retains after so much open-minded energy devoted to the Slade School.

At the Goupil Gallery the 'Monarre Group' is holding its first exhibition. Its aim is "to concentrate the work of those artists who have derived inspiration, more or less directly, from the leaders of the French Impressionist movement." The bond is too vague to give much cohesion. Of the "ancestors," Camille Pissarro, Claude Monet and Degas are each represented but not by especially significant examples. Of the generation succeeding these M. Signac, in his early 'Vue de Portrieux,' delicate in colour and curiously like a Sennat, showed promise which is scarcely fulfilled by the brilliant formula of his later work. M. Bonnard's landscape has his very personal sense of colour, and M. Van Rysselberghe is seen as a painter of great accomplishment and charm with much distinction. M. Lucien Pissarro triumphs among more recent painters with his sincere and luminous landscape and admirable woodcuts. Impressionism is his by birth and instinct, and he adds fine qualities of design which are his own. Among the English painters Mr. J. B. Manson is distinguished by his delicate sense of colour and atmosphere, and Mr. F. J. Porter by his fine spacing and pictorial sense. The one aim common to the group is to be found in the insistence on colour as the essential quality in painting; the retrospective portion shows by contrast how definitely the work of to-day has moved in the direction of firm, emphatic design, and to good purpose.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FINANCES OF THE CHURCH.

SIR,—Your article this week upon the Church and finance, concludes with the following splendid sentence, which I beg that you will allow me to repeat:—

"Reform is immediately imperative if the Church's waning hold upon the nation is to be strengthened and renewed; if her clergy are to be rescued from the scandal of poverty and starvation, and their ranks refilled with men of education and culture; and if the inequalities and injustice of the present system are to be finally removed."

The recommendations to this end, which are made in the body of the article warrant close consideration, but it is difficult to accept the £450 per annum proposed as the minimum for a priest, if this is to carry with it, as the writer suggests, the necessity of the incumbent providing himself with a motor-car.

Viscount Wolmer, M.P., who knows a good deal about Church finance, speaking last week in Hampshire, said that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners who were not controlled, hold a vast fund of money and estates belonging to the Church, and many believed that these could be used and administered in a more business-like way.

It is because this is so that the first step in the reform of Church finance must be an enquiry by Royal Commission into the whole administration of Church estates and funds, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Trustees of Queen Anne's Bounty, and the numerous other obscure and screened controllers of wealth belonging to the State Church.

No such enquiry has been held for nearly a century.

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

THE CHURCH AND CURRENT BELIEF.

SIR,—In my copy of THE SATURDAY REVIEW for October 18th, which has just reached me, I note the letter over the signature, "One of Them," entitled: "Clerical Stipends." Strangely enough, in my copy for October 26th 1918, I had noted a kindred letter over the signature "Country Parson," entitled: "How are Parsons to live?" I addressed a letter to you on the subject in December, 1918; but the mails were so irregular at that time that when the opportunity of catching one of them arrived it had become evident that the letter would reach you too late to deserve a place in your columns: it was therefore withheld. As the subject has come up again and as there is now some chance of a letter reaching you in reasonable time, I take the liberty of repeating almost verbatim my letter withheld nearly a year ago.

There can be no doubt that the lot of the clergy has fallen on evil days. Nobody having any bowels of compassion can fail to sympathise with the case of their neighbours, cited at an interval of a year by both of your clerical correspondents quoted above; for all of them are—or were—aged: were they still in their prime, the sympathy of myself, for one, would not be forthcoming without reserve. Parsons over seventy took Orders under conditions differing materially from those under which their colleagues of the succeeding generation did. In the younger days of men over seventy, it was still possible for an honest, well-educated man to accept the formularies and subscribe to the creeds and confessions of faith prescribed by the Church—it is hardly necessary to state that, here, the term Church is used in the widest sense—without equivocation or mental reservation of any kind. But in the succeeding generation the new renascence had penetrated everywhere. Of course, the *docta ignorantia* of the mediaeval schoolmen had always been with us; literature had often arraigned dogma and dogma had often scored off literature; Arius had made a great figure in his time and the Socini in theirs; Calvin had cooked Servetus; Milton had led the Nonconformist Conscience; Gibbon had written the 'Decline and Fall'; and still "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," together with the doctrine of verbal inspiration, practically held the field. By the time, how-

ever, that parsons who are now in the fifties were taking orders, Darwin had published, and had secured wide circulation of, his 'Origin of Species'; Huxley and his school had defended it; the Church, unwisely leaving her proper sphere of activity, had impolitely attacked it and been hopelessly defeated; and the knowledge that the bubble of the Church's infallibility had been pricked was general throughout the homes of the educated. It is true that young men might still take orders in good faith—they may do so even now, if, until they have attained maturity, their environment be exclusively scholastic; but the time had passed when a mature, educated man of the world could at once be honest with himself and accept the Church's teaching without reserve. Rightly or wrongly, it is now well nigh an intellectual impossibility for a middle-aged man of the world to contemplate a parson of his own time of life without doubting the good faith of the parson.

The clergy themselves often deplore the fact that it is no longer possible to recruit their ranks freely from the same class of men as that from which candidates for Holy Orders were forthcoming in large numbers two generations ago. In seeking the causes of this, they put their fingers on many secondary ones; but, so far as my observation goes, they never spot—or, if they spot, they never mention—the primary cause. The fall in the value of livings, the greater attractions offered by other professions and callings, the more worldly outlook on life and the like are all cited; but these are merely contributory causes—they are not the primary cause. In the days of our grandfathers, an abundant supply of excellent candidates for ordination was forthcoming: and that without reference to whether the Church provided a living wage for the clergy or not. It is useless to say that worldliness is the primary cause of the modern slump in good-class candidates for ordination. There never was a time when the lamp of sacrifice was so often or so generally lit: who can deny this, with Armageddon still fresh before us? Well-educated men nowadays avoid the Church, primarily, because they find that they cannot accept, with intellectual honesty or without reserve, the doctrine which ordination will imply they have swallowed. For this reason, it seems to me that nothing can be more cruel than to encourage or permit a man under thirty to accept ordination: however purely scholastic the mental atmosphere in which a young parson may have been brought up may be, he cannot if he be a thoughtful and observing man, as all good parsons ought to be, get far beyond thirty without running up against modern thought; and the long-odds are that he will be faced by the alternative of being honest with himself and repudiating his orders, or of adhering to his profession under the anodyne of mental reservation. Nobody possessing any of the milk of human kindness would push a youth on to such an evil fate.

In every generation, more or less deep down in the heart of mankind, has been the feeling that there is something ignoble in praying God for hire. This may be a coarse, vulgar idea; but it always has been, and always will be alive: to live by the Gospel was defended in St. Paul's time, just as not to live by it has been and is advocated by the modern Quakers. So long, however, as the Gospel—with all that the term implied in its conventional sense—was accepted without reserve, this feeling was hardly expressed at all. In addition to this, the time was when it really was a good thing that, in the shape of the parson, "There should be at least one well-educated gentleman in every parish." But circumstances are different now; and the Church is no longer the institution to which men look for light and leading.

When the time comes, if it ever does come, in which parsons shall be permitted lawfully to be intellectually honest with themselves and with their fellow-men, and in which the preaching of what their educated contemporaries regard as mythology shall be demanded from them no longer, the clergy will regain largely, if not entirely, the respect and influence which were justly theirs formerly: and their fellow-citizens will look to

it that they get their due—a living wage, of course, included.

As things are at present, ordinary kindly men will sympathise with hard cases when they encounter them; but they will be left cold by appeals for the raising of the emoluments of the clergy as a class.

What the clergy seem incapable of realising is that their educated contemporaries are, many—probably a good half—of them, Agnostics, or at least Free-thinkers; but that their free-thinking fellows are not vocal. Of course, I don't include the militant infidel, who is but the correlation of the hot gospeller. Agnostics and Freethinkers are not often militant. This is not entirely because respect for the feelings of the clergy demands silence; but because there are subjects which well-bred men feel rightly are best left alone.

And here lies the difficulty in responding to the appeal of the clergy for better wordly conditions. The remedy rests with the clergy themselves, or is in the hands of their Bishops, or Presbyteries, or Synods and the like. Their educated contemporaries, with few exceptions, will neither hurt nor seek to disestablish the Church; but they do not feel disposed to find additional funds for the endowment of mythology.

NOMADIC DOCTOR.

West Central Sudan.

AN AMERICAN ON AMERICA.

SIR,—I have seen articles in your paper which appear to indicate that wrong notions of this country are prevailing over there.

In the first place we have a *Ruling Class* and we are governed by *Propaganda*. Government suppresses and distorts the truth; government lies glibly and magnificently, when occasion requires. Information intended for the public is first filtered through *Publicity Agents*. The great corporations have them, and all the organizations of business have them. Their function is to manipulate the news. This government by propaganda is especially active just now.

The Government is taking advantage of the Fanatical Furor which came with the war. Radical propaganda is being suppressed and the Right of Asylum has been abolished. The government tries to divide the workers in the cities. It tries to set the farmers against the city people. It believes in the old motto—"Divide and Govern." The money of this ruling class goes to help found new parties sometimes, such as the new "farmers' movement" in South Dakota and other States.

An Englishman can perhaps scarcely see how this can be possible.

To understand it, you will have to disabuse your mind of a few misconceptions. George Bernard Shaw says we "are a nation of villagers." It is very true. For many years hordes of foreigners—the most ignorant in Europe—have been coming here. Most of them came because the ruling class here wanted cheap labour. It has been an easy task to keep these people in ignorance.

Everything has been used with this end in view. They have been allowed to acquire certain knowledge, but politically they are densely ignorant. Farmers form a large proportion of the people; so do negroes. They are both ignorant—the latter hopeless. On such a foundation what hope is there for progress? This is not a nation. It is a conglomeration of ignoramuses governed by Phantoms—Phantoms of the Capitalists' creation. The names of these Phantoms are Race, Religion, and Colour.

Since the war many thousands of foreigners have gone back to Europe and they carry with them a lasting hate of the American Government, for they were vilely abused during the war on every possible occasion. If you doubt these things, remember what Admiral Sims was told by his Government, before he left this country for England:—"Don't let the English Government fool you, for we would just as soon fight the English as the Germans." Like the Kaiser, this ruling class wanted a war to divert the thoughts of the people, and they didn't care with whom it was to be.

21 February 1920

As the railway signal says, "Stop, Look and Listen" before you come here, for this is no land for a man who loves freedom.

JAMES T. SANDERS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

SINN FEIN.

SIR,—Referring to letter in your issue of last Saturday, from Mr. D. S. A. Cosby, I may say that I mentioned some little time ago to more than one Metropolitan Police official, that it would be a drastic and desirable method for the Government to issue a proclamation that :—

(1) For every policeman killed in Ireland, one of the leading Sinn Feiners in custody would be shot.

(2) Unless information leading to conviction of the offenders were given within one calendar month, of all attempts at murder, or attacks on police barracks, a Sinn Feiner would also be shot.

The officials to whom I spoke as above, thoroughly agreed with me.

There is a chance now, after the Albert Hall sedition meeting, of 11th February, to hold Messrs. A. Griffiths, McNeill and other leading extremists as hostages.

Perhaps the Government had some deep reason for allowing the meeting at all, but some of us would like to know why.

F. E. L.

DIVORCE.

SIR,—Are not you and "Civis" both in error (he in his letter, and you in your footnote thereto) in stating that the Pope claims the power to dissolve marriages? I fancy that the Church of Rome for many centuries, at least, has quite consistently taught that a lawful marriage, once duly made and consummated, is indissoluble by anything save death. What the Pope does claim is to issue a decree of nullity on the ground of some "diriment impediment" vitiating the marriage *ab initio*. In practice, perhaps, this has amounted to the same thing and papal lawyers have contrived to invent some "diriment impediment" to justify a decree of nullity, when the monetary inducement to do so was sufficiently strong; but in theory the Pope makes no claim to dissolve a marriage.

The mistake arises from the loose way in which the word "divorce" is used to cover: (1) a divorce *a mensa et thoro* with no power to re-marry; (2) a decree of nullity; (3) a dissolution of the *vinculum matrimonii* with right of re-marriage. English law since 1857 claims to confer the power to effect No. 3 on judges; but I fancy that the Pope has never claimed it.

The classic illustration of my point is, of course, the case of Henry VIII, who sought from the Pope, not a dissolution of the *vinculum*, but a declaration of nullity, on the ground that Catherine had been the wife of his brother Arthur, and that the dispensation granted to him by a previous Pope, to marry his brother's widow, was contrary to the law of God, and wrongly granted.

C. G. HALL.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH.

SIR,—Now that the Ministry of Health has come into working order, the public must insist upon a new departure which will do more good to the advancement of National health in a few months than can be hoped for in a generation under the present régime. Apart from its administrative functions, the Ministry of Health must, in the public interest, set up a special, absolutely independent tribunal for the practical testing of any principle or method of treatment seriously put forward. If this had been done in the past, the race would have reached a higher level of health than it has attained to-day. The greatest discoveries have been hampered, and the advancement of the human race has been retarded by the obstinate ignorance of selfish and narrow-minded persons who have neither the brain-capacity nor the imagination to see that everything on this earth is necessarily in a crude state of evolution, and that there is not one idea that can reasonably be said to be a final exposition of truth.

The very fact that disease and weakness are so prevalent is sufficient indication that modern treatment is lacking in fundamental principles. This has been repeatedly acknowledged by the most prominent doctors throughout the world. In fact, the most damning criticism of modern medicine has been uttered by medical men themselves. No less an authority than Sir George Newman, head of the Medical Department of the Ministry of Health, has emphasised this urgent need of reform over and over again, even going so far as to state in a Memorandum issued last year that what is needed is nothing less than a revolution in the training of the medical men of to-day and the future.

The point is, how is it going to be started? Experience shows that it is not much good putting new wine into old bottles. The present medical man is hopelessly handicapped by his past training, as was clearly shown in a Lunacy case that was tried last December, where a patient was detained in a private lunatic asylum, and luckily managed to escape, and prove that the diagnosis was all wrong from start to finish.

The reform demanded by Sir George Newman is so far-reaching that it is impossible to ask the medical profession to reform itself, even if it had the will to do it. But the Ministry of Health, acting in the public interest, can initiate changes of a comprehensive nature without turning things topsy-turvy. Evolution is better than revolution. The first thing that should be done is to issue a public statement that the Ministry of Health is prepared to consider all new ideas, principles or methods of treatment put forward in a responsible manner. Of course, proper safeguards could easily be provided against wild-cat schemes and absurdities. What is wanted is a bona fide "Court of New Ideas" to which appeal could be made for sympathetic consideration and guidance in the elaboration, or testing, of any innovation calculated to improve the health of the people. The mere fact that there is practically no treatment for consumption or insanity shows the position to-day. The Ministry of Health has the power to open up a new chapter in National health, but unless the press and the public take the matter seriously in hand immediately, nothing will come of it but talk and more talk.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

UP-TO-DATE LEGACY HUNTING.

SIR,—The enlightening letter of your correspondent Mr. T. Simpson, in your issue of 24th January, is very interesting; but he says nothing about the death robberies being remitted, if the Government people cajole a man out of any gift to the Nation. It is the Death Robberies that rankle. Say a widow and two daughters are done out of £10,000 by Death Robberies. They know by these robberies at 4 per cent. they lose more than £120 a year for the rest of their lives; so they get level by cutting off their subscriptions to hospitals, etc., and so the poor suffer. The professional politician thinks it all very clever, but in the end the community loses. Apart from those agitators who are being run by alien capitalists to set man against man, and class against class, and to promote strikes—it is difficult to imagine a shadier or dirtier way of getting money than by Death Robberies. A man during his life toils and works for his family and by his capital and brains gives employment, and then, after being taxed during his life, his widow and children are robbed when he is dead. If such a thing were done by a private individual, it would make a Regent Street moneylender blush. If the government of the country were worked on economical lines, that is one thing; but that families should be robbed for the money to be squandered for the benefit of a lot of non-producing civil servants, male and female parasites battening on the tax-payer in Government offices, is quite another thing. Now that, to get votes, these robberies have been recently increased, I would advise those who are going to give parks or play-grounds, etc., for the benefit of the nation, to get papers signed first by the official Paul parks or play-grounds, etc., for the benefit of the their children should not be robbed by their kindness to the State. Though, of course, with their Hun-like code of morality, the chances would be that they

would treat it as a mere "scrap of paper," even after the promises had been given, signed and sealed. For there is such a thing as "Progress" in these days. Still, there could be no harm in a testator coming to some arrangement with these people. He would know better where he was, and he could revoke any gifts by a codicil.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

THE PLURAL OF FOX.

SIR.—I notice with great interest your reviewer's objection to my method of spelling Foxs. His view of the subject may be perfectly correct; yet I think the point is not so simple as he represents it to be. Has he, I would ask, considered the case of the name Foxe? It seems to me unfortunate, to say the least of it, that two quite distinct patronymics should have to become merged in one common plural. Cox and Coxe present a similar difficulty.

ILCHESTER.

[The English language is so full of homonyms that it is rather late in the day to reduce them. In early days Fox and Foxe were not distinct patronymics. A Bishop of Winchester who died in 1528 is called Richard Foxe or Fox in the D.N.B.—ED. S.R.]

TENNYSON.

SIR.—Your Victorian is quite right. 'In Memoriam' is in parts a rhymed text-book of popular science, but in tenderness for Tennyson I tried to keep this dark. I naturally hesitate to venture an opinion to a critic who would disregard it, but I do, with quite alarming deference, suggest that the author of 'Ulysses' and the songs in 'The Princess' put hurried criticisms of the theory of 'The Origin of Species' in their proper place—which is the laboratory, and not on Parnassus. As to my obvious personal defects your Victorian will realise that I cannot defend myself. For (apparently) while I insist on being read, and being unreadable, he insists on reading me. I can only suggest that he shouldn't encourage me in the future by taking any notice of

YOUR GEORGIAN.

"RED" PUSSY.

SIR.—It is remarkable how eagerness to attack Prohibition dulls the faculty of logic.

The latest illustration of this tendency is furnished by your correspondent Mr. Buckle. This gentleman quotes two labour leaders in whose opinion "Prohibition would lead to revolution."

This would not be the case, if Prohibition came about, as in the United States, as the result of a lengthy course of education in the schools and experience in the workshop and elsewhere, the decision being ratified in most of its stages, by a two-thirds majority. To talk of revolution under these conditions is absurd, and it is these conditions which Prohibitionists are endeavouring to reproduce on this side of the water.

All competent authorities agree that the States are very unlikely to revert to old conditions. They are "out" to capture the world's trade, and having got rid of one of their handicaps, are not likely to be so shortsighted as to resume it. They will leave folly of that kind to their less logical and more self-indulgent rivals.

FRANK ADKINS.

[It is a matter of opinion, of course, but we believe that the trusty terrier, "Common Sense," will hunt "Pussy" out of the States before long.—ED. S.R.]

ORIENTATION.

SIR.—It may perhaps interest you and your readers to know that Orientation has long been a familiar word in psychological medicine, a laboratory second only to that of organic chemistry in the compounding of fearsome words. Thus, if a man does not know that he is in his own house or how long he has been there, a common occurrence in confused states of the mind, he is said to be disorientated in space.

GILBERT E. MOULD.

REVIEWS

JUSTICE TO LORD HALDANE.

Before the War. By Viscount Haldane. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

WE dislike Lord Haldane as a public man and a politician, not because he is a Liberal, but because he strikes us as disingenuous and sly. His attempt to alter his spoken words in correcting a proof of a speech made in the House of Lords is one of those things one does not forget. His desertion of Mr. Asquith at the present hour and his "slithering" over to the side of the Labour party, proclaim the political rodent, and, considering the personal relations of the two men, make a disagreeable impression. Liberalism may be a sinking ship; but if there is one man who ought to stand by the captain's side to the last minute, it is Lord Haldane. Political loyalty, however, is one thing; and intellectual calibre is another, and historical justice still another and more important than either. Great injustice has been done by the press and the public to Mr. Haldane's work before the War as Secretary of State. He has been accused of reducing the military strength of the nation, and of being responsible for England's unpreparedness for the war. These charges are untrue, and were excited by the damning facts that Lord Haldane had some acquaintance with certain wicked men, named Kant, Fichte, Lessing and Hegel; that he spoke as well as read German; and that he once, in a moment of post-prandial expansion, referred to Germany as his "spiritual home." These facts, it is true, had nothing to do with his administration at the War Office; Kant, Fichte & Co., had been dead more than a hundred years; and Lord Haldane's expression of his intellectual debt to Germany was no warmer than the words of Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and, we think, Mr. Balfour. Such considerations, of course, had no weight with the press or the public. Lord Haldane was, must be, a pro-German, and therefore he must have been an inefficient War Secretary. While the war lasted, Lord Haldane, wrapping himself in the mantle of an alien philosophy, bowed before the storm—we believe he was once hooted in the street. The war being over, Lord Haldane publishes his defence, which we hope everybody will read, and having read, will admit to be a refutation of charges hatched in the fever of fear.

The plain truth is that Mr. Haldane was the ablest Secretary of State who ever sat in the sanctum of the War Office. We do not base this statement solely on the facts contained in the book before us: still less upon our own judgment, which we are not competent to exercise on such a point. We base it on the words of one who, we presume, will be accepted as an authority, Field Marshal Lord Haig. For the refutation of the charge that Mr. Haldane reduced the strength of the Army we must refer our readers to the book. It is technical, and too long for detailed examination within our limits. One or two points we can just touch upon. "There is no more amusing myth," writes Lord Haldane, "than the one according to which the horse and field artillery were reduced. The batteries which could be made instantly effective for war were, in fact, raised from forty-two to eighty-one. The personnel of this artillery was increased by a third for mobilisation. . . . Not a man or a gun of the regular horse and field artillery was ever reduced in any shape or form, and not only were the effective batteries largely increased, but over 150 serviceable batteries were created and made part of the Second Line or Territorial Army." Again: "When the 156 battalions of the line which existed on paper in 1906 were in that year nominally reduced to 148, there was no real reduction, although some money was saved which was required for some other essential military purpose. For the remaining battalions were short of their proper strength, and it took all the recruits set free by the so-called reductions to bring the 148—some of which were badly short of officers and men alike—to the proper establishment required for the

six new divisions of the Expeditionary Force." What Lord Haldane did after six years at the War Office, working with Sir Douglas Haig, Sir John Cowans, Sir Herbert Miles and Sir Stanley von Donop, was to hand over to Lord Kitchener, in August, 1914, the Expeditionary Force (the most perfectly trained and equipped Army the world has ever seen, or ever will see), the Territorial Force, the Special Reserve, and the Officers' Training Corps. The pressure of war, and the compelling character of Lord Kitchener, expanded this nucleus into the great army which we all know. But, as Lord Haldane observes, it is one thing to raise an army of two or three millions in time of war, and quite another thing to raise it in time of peace, in a country like England, trained in the voluntary tradition of a large navy and small army. Lord Haldane asks those who say he ought to have raised an army on the Continental scale of two or three millions before the war, how they think it ought to have been done. Where could he have got the huge number of officers necessary, and how and where could he have got the men? Lord Nicholson, a soldier, in favour of a large compulsory army, after an exhaustive inquiry made by himself and the General Staff in 1912, reported to Lord Haldane that the thing was physically impossible. Any one who remembers the reception of the belated exhortations of Lord Roberts, and who recalls the political condition of England between 1906 and 1914, knows that to attempt to raise a large army by conscription would have been a dangerous failure. So far from being unprepared, England was the only one of the Entente Powers who was prepared. We undertook to land an Expeditionary Force of 160,000 men in France or Flanders within a fortnight, and we did it. Neither France nor Russia were as ready as England to meet its engagements. That we were so prepared was largely, if not wholly, due to the work of Mr. Haldane at the War Office. Yet when Lord Haldane (he had then become Lord Chancellor) visited the War Office in August, 1914, to help Mr. Asquith, who was acting as War Secretary before the arrival of Lord Kitchener, a scream of rage and terror went up from certain organs of the press! Such is the effect of fear upon ignorance! We are sure that it would have been better if Lord Haldane had been re-appointed Secretary of State, and Lord Kitchener appointed to a purely military command, and we believe most military men would say so.

Lord Haldane's account of his visits to Berlin before the War, and his conversations with the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg and Admiral von Tirpitz, are deeply interesting. We commend it to the study of those who are demanding the surrender of the Chancellor as a war criminal. Lord Haldane may have been mistaken in attributing a pacific policy to the Kaiser, for he is one of those beings who change their views from day to day. That Tirpitz was the enemy there is no doubt: his memoirs are evidence enough, and Lord Haldane tells us that the Admiral could not bring himself to so much as appear friendly when driving him back to the hotel in his motor. But it is equally obvious that Bethmann-Hollweg wanted to preserve peace.

If there is any sense of justice left in the British nation, everybody will read this extremely able book, and ponder over its epilogue on the future relations between Central and Western Europe.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

The Skilled Labourer, 1760—1832. By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

THE authors' latest volume is in the nature of a supplement to their 'Town Labourer.' It covers the same period from a different point of view. The subject is no longer the relation of workmen to employers and the governing classes under the new social conditions created by the Industrial Revolution, but the detailed history of particular bodies of skilled workers. The workers chosen are the miners of Northumberland and Durham, the Cotton and Woollen

Operatives, the Spitalfields Silkweavers, and the Framework Knitters of the Midlands. The history of these trades is necessarily complex, as the conditions obtaining simultaneously in different sections of the same industry varied. Accordingly it has been found necessary to treat separately the various grades of workers in the two principal textile industries: spinners, weavers, shearers and woolcombers. The second half of the book describes in detail the Luddite riots in the Midlands, Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The dominant factor during the period was not, as used to be said, the emergence of capitalism, in industry. It has previously been shown, and is recognized by the authors, that "long before 1776 by far the greater part of English industry had become dependent on capitalistic enterprise in the two important respects that a commercial capitalist provided the actual workmen with their materials, and found a market for the finished goods. The principal exception to this rule was the Yorkshire Woollen Industry, in which it was customary for the men working on their own farms to buy their wool and sell the cloth they made to merchants. But this was the exception. The majority of domestic workers throughout the country already depended on an outside capitalist for their raw material, and received wages from him for working this material up into the finished article. Industry, that is, was already organized on a capitalistic basis. The main result of the Industrial Revolution was to change the structure of this already-existing capitalism by segregating the workers in factories. The distress that accompanied the change was primarily due to the fact that the new mechanical processes rendered useless the skill of many sections of handicraft workers. One of the best examples of this is the case of the woolcombers, formerly the best organized, most highly-paid section of the worsted workers, whose handicraft was extinguished by woolcombing machinery. But in few cases was the process so simple. The cotton spinners and weavers furnish an excellent example of the complexities of the subject. The spinners on the domestic system were mainly women. About 1760, when the use of Kay's flying shuttle in weaving had greatly increased the demand for yarn, the weaver had to trudge round for miles to procure it, and we read that "he was often obliged to treat the females with presents in order to quicken their diligence at the wheel." The inventions of the spinning-jenny by Hargreaves, of the water-frame by Arkwright, and of Compton's mule changed spinning into an industry conducted by men in factories with the help of children. In this case, rioting against the introduction of machinery was of short duration, for the labour displaced was soon absorbed by the expansion of trade and also by weaving. The male factory spinners, in fact, formed a new aristocracy of skilled workers; and their early segregation in factories made them the pioneers of trade union combination on a large scale. It may be noted in passing that at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the bulk of the master cotton spinners were still small men, and it was not until steam displaced water power that big industry developed on the scale now familiar. The case of the cotton weavers was very different. Under the domestic system they were almost always men. At the time when spinning was becoming concentrated in factories, weaving remained a domestic industry. The ranks of the weavers were swelled not only by women, but by Irish immigrants, dispossessed peasants, and discharged soldiers. They were in great distress before the advent of machinery in the shape of the power-loom; in fact, according to Brougham, the introduction of the power-loom was actually retarded by the low rate of wages paid for hand-loom work. When the power-loom finally superseded the hand-loom, and weaving, like spinning, became factory work, the weavers were mainly women and boys. The difference between the fate of these two cognate trades shows the difficulty of generalizing in regard to the changes brought by the Industrial Revolution. This difficulty is emphasized in the case of weaving by another fact. In the clothing trade of the South-West, the rates paid for weaving remained stable throughout the period,

in spite of the introduction of the spring shuttle and the entry of women into the trade.

The story of the weavers also suggests another interesting question. Weaving was regarded before the advent of the power-loom as a skilled industry. Yet hand-loom weaving became "the refuge of the surplus numbers from nearly all other trades." If peasants, women and discharged soldiers could easily learn most types of weaving, as the authors say, the skill required cannot have been very great. How far is this true in regard to that large part of the "skilled" labour of the present day which is a matter of adjusting machines? One recalls the success of "dilution." If and when industrial depression sets in, will the mass of the working classes permit a few powerful unions to deprive them of the possibility of a livelihood?

The authors seem to carry too far their generalizations regarding the new power which the factory system gave to the owners of capital. Under the domestic system, the worker had very little real power of "self-determination." In speaking of the employment of children in factories, the authors go so far as to say that the owner of a factory decided how the worker brought up his children. Professor Marshall has recently stated that "the employment of children at an excessively early age was common under the domestic system; and though they were for the greater part under the protection of their parents, yet on the whole the evidence seems to show that they were often treated by their parents more cruelly than the children in factories were. It is important to remember that workmen who were paid (directly or indirectly) by the piece, often handled their young assistants barbarously." The tragedy of the period really seems to consist, not in the loss by the workers of a rather dubious power of "self-determination," but in their hunger-revolts. Simultaneously with the loss of livelihood by large classes of workers through the new inventions, the Napoleonic Wars were raising prices, especially for food, and were causing wild fluctuations in demand which made adjustment to the new economic conditions infinitely more difficult. The loss of occupation through the introduction of machinery may only be temporary; but, as Mr. Hobson has remarked, man's life is temporary also. The remedy to which the workers turned was the enforcing of statutes which provided for the regulation of wages by Justices in Quarter Sessions. Such a measure was almost impossible during a period of rapid and troubled industrial growth. That the violence resorted to by the workers was easily accounted for, however, did not render it less the duty of the Government to suppress it. Hence, as the authors say, the general impression left by a study of this period is of an atmosphere of civil war between manual workers and ruling classes. Whether or not the belief held by the ruling classes at that time that revolution was being planned, on a large scale was justified, the material for revolutionists was ready to hand in every part of the North and Midlands. When mills had to be garrisoned against storming rioters and a campaign of assassination and robbery by organised gangs was in full swing, a government had to use all its resources to maintain order, or else itself perish. Castlereagh has, as the authors say, been rehabilitated as a War Minister and as a Foreign Minister; their present volume will in the authors' despite go far to justify the policy of his government at home.

THACKERAY'S DAUGHTER.

From Friend to Friend. By Lady Ritchie. With a portrait. Murray. 6s. net.

PEOPLE, said Renan, ought only to write on what they love. "L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie." This doctrine, now out of date and repute, was happily preserved by Lady Ritchie in her reminiscences of the literary circles among which she moved. There is a certain artistic good-breeding which is not common to-day. Writers are too egotistic, too clever, too fond of glitter

for glitter's sake. The Miss Thackeray of earlier days was a keen observer, and the memories of the Tennyson circle, and the two brilliant and adorable Kemble sisters to which she returns here, are full of effective detail, though devoid of that malice the pleasantness of which has come as a new revelation to the reading public of to-day. The exaggeration which is pointed by spite is a fairly easy achievement; Lady Ritchie interests and amuses us without falling either into the distortions of malice, or the sentimentality which dwells on the "dear, old days," and leaves us as cold as if we were listening to a canting preacher. Her first subject, Julia Cameron, was a woman of wonderful energy and surprising benevolence, a whirlwind of enthusiasm, capable even of dashing in on the somewhat spoilt Tennyson, and telling him how to behave. "She wrote a large and flowing hand. She allowed herself in life and on paper more space than is usually accorded to other people." Her husband was a high-placed Indian official, and she showered shawls, turquoise bracelets, inlaid portfolios, ivory elephants, on her friends. Sir Henry Taylor was, we learn, her chosen ideal among men, and though his 'Philip van Artevelde' has disappeared from view, he was a splendid man to look at with a head worthy of the Olympian Zeus. The Prinseps were also part of Tennyson's circle, and from them comes, we think, the best of Mrs. Cameron's sayings, a retort launched at Tennyson, that people came to see a lion, and found a bear.

Much has been written about the Kembles, but Lady Ritchie's graceful memories are still welcome. The two sisters were both famous in their day for acting and singing; but we get the impression that they rather disliked the public display associated with their triumphs. They belonged to the Victorians who did not insist on being eminent. Adelaide (Mrs. Sartoris) was somewhat neglected in her early youth and not so brilliant as Fanny. She was, however, adorable and adored. Dessauer, an extraordinary musician, followed her with persistence, and "Il y a du danger, je te quitte," became a family saying.

Among the glimpses of famous people is one of Lockhart, very ill at Rome, but still remarkably handsome. "Was he not striking?" Lord Leighton wrote. "Could anyone forget him who had ever seen him with his beautiful clean-cut features, so pale and so fiery at the same time; these eyes of jet in a face of ivory?"

Lockhart was a stern man for many, a hater of stupidity and incompetence; but Lady Ritchie found out many years after she met him that he was fond of cream tarts. In these light touches the book excels. Leighton, we imagine, was always statuesque, but Browning at a little feast in Normandy with his friends the Milsands, seized his napkin, and placing it as foreign waiters do upon his arm, rose from the table to wait on the ladies.

This is the last collection of memories from Thackeray's daughter, who cannot, we think, have been wholly at ease in the twentieth century. The sensitive face which looks at us in the frontispiece must have felt the increasing vulgarity of the world. Indeed, as long ago as 1892, she wrote:

"The extraordinary publicity in which our bodies live seems to frighten away our souls at times; we are apt to stick to generalities, or to well-hackneyed adjectives which have ceased to have much meaning or responsibility. Or, if we try to describe our own feelings, it is in terms which sometimes grow more and more emphatic as they are less and less to the point."

LACE AND LISPINGS.

The Romance of the Lace Pillow. By Thomas Wright. Olney, H. H. Armstrong.

WE have rarely seen a book so bent on advertising its author as the present work. Nearly six pages of acknowledgment in the preface, which concludes with the statement that "it is expected that the first edition will be exhausted within a few days of publication," and an appendix devoted to a song of the author's

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called 'The Bobbin,' "from a story now in the press," "for the music of this song apply to" so and so, are surely a record, even for this advertising age. And the style! "An exquisite piece of lace is an Iliad"; "The study of lace is one of the means of overcoming the soul's greatest malady—coldness"; "Ladies are difficult to resist, even without lace; but with it who shall withstand them! They cannot be withheld. The only safety is in flight." These three sentences are taken at random from the first five pages, and this is a work which claims to be a serious history! And the matter of it is, with few exceptions, no better than the manner. Anne of Denmark, wife of James I, is the last person upon whom we should expect it "to dawn" that "enthusiasm for anything that is beautiful, elevating, or provocative of thought, is the elixir of life—the new wine of the Kingdom" (p. 44), and to omit in a professedly historical description of ruffs, Stubbes's tale of The Ruff-bearing Woman of Antwerp, from the 'Anatomie of Abuses,' is simply to call for plain speaking by a reviewer. Again, in the age of Ken and Sir Thomas Browne, of the author of 'The Whole Duty of Man' and of a thousand pious churchmen, it is absurd to state that "pretty nearly every man with a conscience was either in momentary expectation of arrest, in hiding, or in prison"; it is an insult to history and commonsense such as the least well-read Nonconformist would reject. Nor do we find, in the account of the smuggling of laces carried on during the 18th century any mention of Nollekens's method of cheating the Customs. "All his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of (silk stockings, gloves and lace), and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts." "I recollect" (adds J. T. Smith) "his pointing to the cast of Sterne and observing to the late Lord Mansfield, 'There, do you know that busto, my Lord, held my lace ruffles that I went to Court in when I came from Rome.'" Mrs. Nollekens's lace might also have figured in the same chapter, along with Pope's Narcissa, especially as she wore on her wedding day "an elegant point-lace apron" like the Duchess of Queensberry at Bath, whose ignominious exclusion from the Assembly is mentioned by Mr. Wright. Mrs. Nollekens wore hers "in memory of her dear mother, who had presented it to her," stating that she was above "the fleeting whimsies of depraved elegance." Nor was this her only ornament. From the sleeves of her dress hung "three point-lace ruffles of great depth; a handkerchief of the same costly texture partly concealed the beauty of her bosom," and her beautiful auburn hair, dressed over a cushion, was "surmounted by a small cap of point-lace, with plaited flaps, to correspond with the apron and ruffles."

There is interesting matter embedded in Mr. Wright's book, if the reader has patience to find it. The accounts of the migrations of foreign lacemakers, of the genesis of certain patterns, of the legends rudely engraved upon the bobbins are worth reading in spite of the style, and some of the pictures, notably those of traditional patterns, are excellent. Most interesting of all is the chapter on Lace Tells, the rhymes sung by lacemakers at work, which shows that many of the familiar nursery rhymes really belong to this class of occupation songs, and in that sense may be compared to sailors' chanties. Was that most poetical of rhymes,

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
There and back again,

originally a Lace Tell? One would think so, to judge from the parallel rhyme here given (p. 181):

Nineteen miles to the Isle of Wight,
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, if your fingers go lissom and light,
You'll get there by candle-light.

This chapter should be read by students of folk-lore, not only for the Lace Tells, but for the description of Lacemaker's festivals, a surprising number of which are still preserved.

We wish we could say more in commendation of this attempt to set forth the history of lace-making in Bedfordshire and the neighbouring counties, for the subject is one of permanent interest. If by its publication other people should be induced to take an interest in a delightful industry, good will have been done, and we wish every success to the Lace Schools at Olney and elsewhere which have done much for the revival of lace-making. But we could have wished them another historian. And if the promised second edition does come out, let us hope that misspellings like "Zuchero" and "Queensbury" (p. 99) will have been banished from its pages.

IN THE WORLD, YET NOT OF IT.

Benedictine Monachism. By the Right Rev. Cuthbert Butler, Abbot of Downside Abbey. Longmans, Green & Co. 18s.

THE Abbot of Downside, writing of the Rule under which he has lived for 40 years, undertakes to give not only its history, but also its theory and principles. The book, we believe, is unique, and is certainly a most welcome addition to the library, in view of the ancient and widespread influence exercised by the Benedictine Rule throughout the world. The author emphasizes the point that it is a Rule, and not an Order, strictly speaking; each house or abbey is a separate entity, and outside these the Benedictines have no general organization and no head, such as are acknowledged by the Jesuits, for instance, and the Franciscan friars. In short, within the abbey the abbot's decision is final. Subject to the Holy See they are, as a matter of course, but no more so than other Catholics. The Rule of St. Benedict aims at making its houses resemble families, and accordingly the novice makes his profession in the monastery within whose walls, humanly speaking, he will live and die, "stability" being earnestly enjoined. The abbot is, or was, elected for life. It is only under pressure of urgent need that a Benedictine is allowed to change his dwelling, or in military phrase, is "detailed" for outside work in the parish or mission field.

It does not profess to be an ascetic Rule, the allotted food and sleep being sufficient, at any rate for Italy, the country of its origin. Its objects are worship, learning and labour, either manual or intellectual. Its founder styled it "minima inchoationis regula," which appears to us inadequate; but it must be remembered that the monks preceding Benedict were Eastern ascetics, followers of Antony and Pachomius. Compared to their austerities and labours, the yoke of Benedict was easy; compared to modern standards of living, it is severe.

The debt of civilisation to the Benedictines is known to all, but perhaps more or less vaguely. The present volume begins with a masterly little sketch of the state of Europe at the time of Benedict's birth (about 480 A.D.); a time of war among states and creeds, for the great Arian heresy was in full power. The rise and spreading influence of the Rule is then followed down the centuries, and it is a noble record. Whether as missionaries, teachers or landowners, the Benedictines used their power mainly for good, far more so than their lay contemporaries. The monasteries were and are frequently rich; not only by gifts, but as the natural result of a number of men living in community and working without pay. Nor is there any vow of poverty, though personal poverty is implied in the vow of obedience to the Rule, which forbids a monk to consider the smallest article as his own. The community may hold property to any extent, and if this has its own dangers, at any rate it avoids those which have been found to beset the mendicant orders, where the beggar's garment is too apt to hide the beggar's heart. The veto on personal property is absolute, and in English monasteries it is the custom for every monk to make a formal resignation of the furniture of his cell, etc., to the abbot once a year. The tendency to accumulate property is so inveterate in human nature that this has been found necessary. The testimony of Cassian on the subject is quoted, in which he indignantly alleges that the monks of his time, "trampling under foot all feel-

ing of shame . . . "wear openly upon our fingers rings to seal what we have stored up." It is indeed very human, as Shakespeare knew. "A poor thing, sirs, but mine own!" Alack, what a touch of nature it is, and how sympathy springs up in answer! The Abbot of Downside registers his own dignified lament: "So it was in the beginning of monasticism; so will it be to the end." We also fear so. Rich or poor, and be our barns great or small, our instinct is to grip the keys securely. And yet St. Paul pointed out our want of durability two thousand years ago: "We brought nothing into this world— " and but a few months past, the Duke of Newcastle, suave and equable under Mr. Smillie's attacks on his property, gave his modern version of the same: "I know," said he, "that I have but a life interest in it!"

We pass on. The question of clothing is considered, and Abbot Butler is eloquent on the subject. Indeed, he goes so energetically into the matter, dealing with the necessary variations according to climate, and apologises so amply for any additions which have been made from time to time to St. Benedict's outfit of two frocks, that we should be glad to know how many of these a Benedictine really does possess (*pro tem.*) being left with an impression that he must have some dozens. But clothing is in the particular charge of the abbot, and as Father Butler has held that office for twelve years, he is qualified to speak. The chapters upon the duties and responsibilities of an abbot are among the most interesting in the book. Endowed by the Rule with almost unlimited power, he is yet charged to remember that he is the father of a family, not the colonel of a regiment, and to exercise discretion accordingly. Carlyle's vignette of Abbot Samson in 'Past and Present' will be remembered in this connection, and it is indeed just such an abbot who would be the ideal of the Rule of St. Benedict.

The book stands alone, as we have said, and besides the novelty, its subject is of the highest interest, enhanced by the author's clear and scholarly style, and the full knowledge from which it is written, both such as are to be expected in a work emanating from the learned Order.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Meteorology for All. By D. W. Horner. Witherby. 6s. net.

THE popularity of the weather is not new, whether as a subject of conversation or of interest. During the war it came under the ban of Dora, but with the Armistice the daily press exhorted us once again to take an intelligent interest in it, and provided us with a weather chart and an official forecast supplied by the Meteorological Department. To the dweller in towns, with little if any opportunity of observing for himself, this forecast appeals more than to the countryman, who is generally independent enough to make his own forecast.

To the ordinary man the phraseology of these official forecasts is somewhat repellent, and the cautious compiler, with his eye on the Atlantic, is generally inclined to hedge with some such compromise as "fair to rainy."

Small blame to him, too, with a climate like ours. On a recent occasion we were bidden to prepare for a really bad day; but, for the time of year, it turned out to be one of the finest we have enjoyed; we naturally looked to see what our compiler had to say, and in his delightful phraseology he was fain to admit that his forecast had "erred on the side of pessimism"; and again, with the promise of a brilliant day, a cyclonic storm failed to follow its usual course over the North Sea, and "the unexpected happened."

The weather prophet is of all prophets the most without honour, and an occasional failure is remembered, while a series of successes is soon forgotten.

The modern forecast is compiled in an office with the aid of numerous instrumental observations collected not only from the area for which the forecasts are prepared, but from regions beyond, and it has this great advantage over the old observations, which were, of necessity, purely local.

The use of instruments is comparatively modern; the regular employment of the barometer and thermometer dates from the latter half of the eighteenth century. Instrumental methods in their inception had to face no small opposition, and they did not readily displace the more popular prognostications, such as the 'Shepherds' Kalender' of the seventeenth century, and the 'Shepherd of Banbury's Rules to Judge the Changes of the Weather; grounded on Forty Years' Experience,' the second edition of which was published in 1748, just about the time when instrumental methods were coming into vogue. The writer logically points out that, as the changes of the weather are themselves the causes of the alterations which take place in the instruments, these alterations can contribute little to the prognostications of changes in the weather, and he proceeds to demonstrate the superiority of his rules.

Even in these days of the supremacy of instrumental methods, it is doubtful whether the more picturesque "prognostications" will ever lose their hold on the popular imagination.

"If cattes do liche their fore-feet and with them wash their head." "If the Mone seeme darke, greenish, foggie, lowring, and dusky," "If fease byte faster than is their wont," these and similar "everlasting prognostications placed in order for the common good of all men," speak as eloquently as a falling barometer.

The Shepherd's forty years' experience—during these forty years he had probably not strayed far from his native place—that experience is worth much even in these scientific days. If there are any left such as our Shepherd, the ordinary man will turn to them for guidance, rather than to the official forecast, when he wishes to know what weather he will have for the business in hand.

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum"; we cannot all be meteorologists; but we can all take an intelligent interest in the weather.

It is essentially to the layman that Mr. Horner's little book is addressed. Within the small compass of 180 pages he has compressed an extraordinary amount of up-to-date information, some of which is hardly "meat for babes." Information boiled down from technical papers, all duly acknowledged, does not lend itself readily to popular presentation; and we are inclined to think that, having regard to the scope of his work, the author has attempted too much.

He passes in review the various modern instruments employed in an observatory, and the methods of recording and collating the results of observations, which are recorded on the weather chart, from which the forecasts are prepared.

The book abounds in illustrations, selected from many sources, which are an education in themselves, but it is probably not everyone who will be fired with ambition to make his own thermometer. After touching upon the exploration of the upper air, which, apart from its practical aspect in aviation, will undoubtedly modify meteorological methods, the author ends up with prognostications, and returns to first principles.

A CHIEL TAKING NOTES.

On the Paths of Adventure. By Julius M. Price. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

ON the "jacket" of this book is a picture of Mr. Price in front of a gigantic, ghostly gendarme, who is sternly motioning him to begone. Finding that, as Lord Northcliffe puts it, war correspondents were treated in 1914 as reprobate camp followers, he determined to kick over the traces and make a dash for the war zone. "From the very start I was asking for trouble," and his pages are a record of hairbreadth 'scapes, arrests and deportations. The French authorities, if they read Mr. Price's book, will, we are certain, in the next war hang every newspaper correspondent. He met some overbearing and tyrannical officials and a certain number of insolent civilians; but he was tricking them all the time. Mr. Price did not reach the actual battle-front, but he slipped into Verdun and spent three weeks in beleaguered Rheims. It seems

strange that a war correspondent of his experience had to be warned against carrying a revolver near the German lines, and that he should have risked being shot by the French for getting himself smuggled into Rheims in a *poilu's* uniform. He was nearly caught. A stranger with a sketch-book inside a fortress must also have been a far more suspicious character than a journalist taking mere notes. How Mr. Price got his drawings to the 'Illustrated London News' he does not say. The present volume is pleasantly diversified with a number of jottings from his pencil.

Various executions for espionage took place in Rheims while he was there. He mentions two incidents. A powerful car containing "gendarmes" with a handcuffed "German prisoner" got into the city, having given the password, but a trifle raised suspicion, and the occupants of the car met their fate. The other incident was that of a forcible entry by the police into a top-floor flat, where a man was discovered weeping by a bed on which lay a woman to all appearance *in extremis*, her head enveloped in a heavy blood-stained bandage. The intruders were withdrawing on tiptoe with many apologies, when the eye of the officer lit on a pair of unmistakably German boots in a corner of the room. Beneath the coverlet lay a fully-dressed man. They were roof-signallers, and of course had to die. "Spy" is an ugly word, but spies—whom every country employs—are brave men. Mr. Price mentions, however, the tragic story of a bomb falling in a street in Verdun on a young woman in charge of a little child. The child was killed outright, but the girl lay groaning and writhing till an ambulance came to her aid. Strange to say, she struggled with all the strength left to her against being taken to the hospital, but no heed was paid to her delirium, and on arrival at the hospital she lost consciousness and died. Papers were then found in her dress which proved that she was a Frenchwoman in the enemy's pay.

The doubt whether civilized belligerents ought to use black, dusky or yellow troops in battle will not be relieved by two grim tales related here of Senegalese soldiers, who are noted for their ferocity. In the haversack of one were found twenty-three human ears, more or less decomposed, while another warrior carried a German's head in a cloth attached to his belt. He proposed to take this trophy back to his native land—just as it was. Frightful, however, as modern war is, no commander now could be responsible for such barbarous cruelties as were perpetuated on the Highlanders at the last battle fought in this island, and Culloden was fought only 174 years ago. A century earlier, though our civil war was on the whole a fairly humane struggle, Cromwell killed some hundred Irish women in cold blood, to say nothing of the horrors of Drogheda and Wexford. When Lord Herbert of Cherbury, George Herbert's brother, commanded our troops abroad, it seems to have been taken for granted that a town which had not surrendered on terms would be given over to general massacre, rape and conflagration. On the other hand one reads of Dundee at Killiecrankie refusing to attack the English till they had emerged from the pass, and as late as the Peninsular War, English and French commanders would, to spare the outposts, send notice to one another of an intended assault.

THE ARTIST AND THE WORLD.

The Mask. By John Cournos. Methuen. 6s. net.

THIS present age is scornful of an artist. He is forced to go disguised through the truth break through his mask as obviously as Elizabethan London through the borrowed trappings of Italian names. Modernity, it is true is much preoccupied with art, with the forms of it, with the clay, the paper and the paint-box. But beauty fears to wake into an unreal world that craves one standard brain, one standard personality. Destruction is abroad, a destruction that lays waste and builds no truth upon the ruins.

Yet there are minds that will not be defeated; tall, rare flowers that lift towards the light until, in pity,

they are blown to stars. They are apart, above the earth, but of it, watchers of life that it never grow too desolate. 'The Mask' is the story of such a mind; it is the history of the making of an artist from the boy who snatched from the comfort of his Russian home, fought for his life in the streets and factories of America

It is fitting that the first section of the book should be called 'The Roots.' Childhood is the epic period of life, and of childhood is wrought all later development of the spirit. The choice—to know or to submit—must be made by a mind unconscious of the destiny which hangs upon its answer.

Vanya chose early. He chose, as he played alone in the Russian woods and caught at the hot colours of the poppies and the sunflowers. Perhaps a somewhat solitary childhood is essential to expression, for it is when human playfellows are lacking that the intimate friendships with birds and trees begin and imagination opens into a thousand petals, sharp with a reality the coarse, blunt fingers of existence cannot mar. Certainly it was the strength of the woods—roots and grass bound together with earth—that kept his spirit apart with beauty throughout those later years abroad, an alien in a land that did not care to understand him.

All of the first section is sharp with the remembered loveliness of childhood, a loveliness smirched with reality too early, moments of loveliness, become a fairy tale too pitifully soon. In the second half, 'The Transplanting,' this forest spirit is flung from the friendly solitude of the Russian village into the loneliness of an American crowd. It is hard enough for a life that has been wild as a wood-squirrel to be confined in "a city of stone," but there was not only restriction to be faced; there was the persecution of the horde, the actual fight for knowledge, for work and for food.

The book is too vivid to cut out this impression or that. It is part of a whole, and must be read as a whole. Incident passes, sharp as a leaf-stript tree, not pictures, but actual moments, for they are robbed from transience and live. Yet one chapter stands out from the strength and clarity of the rest, that of Vanya's experiences selling newspapers at night. It is epic; the epic of some solitary archer holding a multitude at bay, the epic of a tree that will not snap for all the slashes of the axe. The wonder is that the book is free of bitterness. He turns to this people who would have slain his spirit and offers them, not hatred, but his pity. And out of it, iron out of fire, through dead streets, dead stone, despair and lies, the artist cuts his way into the light. But the scars of childhood can never be forgotten.

'The Mask' is a great book, curiously Elizabethan in spirit, a cry of joy and life that existence cannot quench. But at the end it is neither a Russian wood nor the chimneys of America that are bright against the memory, but a whirl of sand, men huddled against their camels, and ahead, the defiant eyes of a young Arab marching toward the sun.

THE SEMIRAMIS OF THE NORTH.

The Whirlwind of Passion. By Edna Worthley Underwood. Hurst & Blackett. 6s. 9d. net.

AN historical novel of good quality is a rare and refreshing boon in this our day; and the welcome which, as in the present case, we accord to it is proportionately warm. The author has been well advised in selecting a theme—the Russia of Catherine the Great's youth—which, through its associations, picturesque alike and terrible, will appeal even to uninstructed readers. In the two essentials all-important for a work of this kind, characterisation and atmosphere, she has also been remarkably successful. Whether she is accurate in her analysis of Catherine's nature and of the results arising from the different influences to which it was subjected, is another matter. But she engages our sympathies for her heroine even during that series of crimes which, on the principle "Strike, lest thou be stricken," became in her case a mere impulse of self-preservation. As regards another side of the question she has scarcely been so happy. The amorous experiences of the great Empress were marked by an elemental and appalling simplicity which,

from the artistic point of view, presents peculiar difficulties to a modern novelist. Mrs. Underwood has perhaps been led to suggest here and there a redeeming touch of refinement for which the facts afford no great justification; but with little extenuating effect. For while we fully understand how Catherine came to connive at the murder of her husband, and of others beside him, we contemplate with undiminished dismay the kaleidoscopic procession of favourites whose very names are for the most part forgotten.

The subsidiary persons of the drama are more slightly but still effectively sketched; especially the unhappy Grand Duke Peter and his enemy, the scarcely human "Ghostly Chancellor." The traditional characteristics of eighteenth century Russia, with its strange blending of the Arctic and the Oriental, the mediaeval and the *dernier cri*, are vividly and forcibly realised. The author has an eye for striking effects in landscape, dress and decoration generally, which reminds us of Marjorie Bowen. We doubt, however, whether she has done wisely in introducing so much descriptive writing into a collection of love-letters (imaginary, we believe) from the pen of Catherine herself. We must also admit that colloquial Americanisms appear to us more than usually out of place in the mouths of Russian grandes. But these are slight defects in a book which is throughout richly endowed with life, movement and colour.

THE UNOFFICIAL WIFE.

The Broken Laugh. By Meg Villars. Grant Richards. 7s. net.

THE greater amiability of the wife who has no legal claim to that title is a thesis at least as old as Athenian New Comedy. But it has been reserved, we believe, for modern novelists to invest her in addition with the halo of white-souled purity. Both virtues are in an eminent degree possessed by the heroine of this story; a daughter of the people rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of "Kissy-Girl." She is in the first instance victimised by an irredeemable scoundrel; but through a series of curious and rather ingeniously imagined chances falls ultimately into better hands. Her adventures meanwhile include a year's sojourn in a Parisian hostel of evil reputation, from which she emerges unscathed; and when she is established at Brussels with a "protector" of her own nationality, her moral superiority shines radiantly forth amid the mere married creatures surrounding her. This idyllic existence is interrupted by the war, and we are given some impressions of the German occupation which by their very lack of colour suggest first-hand experience. In the end Kissy's all-but-husband joins the British flying-corps and succeeds to a peerage, and she herself on the eve of an orthodox wedding is killed (unnecessarily, we think), in an air-raid. Like much latter-day fiction, this work has numerous touches of interest and reality; but, as a whole, gives an effect of weakness.

MUSIC NOTES

OPERA IN ENGLISH.—Only here and in America, of all the English-speaking countries where opera is to be heard, is it still necessary to distinguish the particular brand by the old stencilled mark which Carl Rosa and Augustus Harris were, we think, the first to use. Sir Thomas Beecham is wise to announce his coming season at Covent Garden under the title of "Opera in English," because he thus differentiates it from the polyglot grand season, so-called, with which he will also have much to do when summer arrives. The announcement is the more important because his repertory consists almost entirely of foreign works—an attractive collection, we admit, of Wagner, Mozart, Bach, Bizet, Leoncavallo, Gounod, and Saint Saëns—wherein the "Nail" of Mr. Isidore de Lara and the "Village Romeo and

Juliet," of Mr. Delius appears with a somewhat apologetic air, as the solo representatives of native-born talent, although the former of these was written, sure enough, to a French text and for Parisian audiences. In this case, then, it is well to let the public know that they are going to hear operas like "Parsifal" and "The Mastersingers" sung in plain English by English singers, and not by Germans or any other "nationals" in the German language, as we are now told that the songs of the great German masters ought to be sung in the concert-room—a contingency for which, in our opinion, the moment has not yet arrived. The extreme scarcity of popular modern operas by British composers, amounting one might say, to a famine, is a misfortune that does not grieve the people who pay to hear Opera in English. For instance, the new undertaking at the Surrey Theatre, just successfully inaugurated by the Fairbairn-Miln Opera Company, relies upon a well-worn and hackneyed combination consisting of non-copyright works such as "The Flying Dutchman," "The Trouvatore," and "Faust," in alternation with the semi-paternal "Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana." Was there ever a doubt that these operatic evergreens, decently performed, could be safely counted upon to draw the humbler sections of the opera-loving community? Look where one may, there is evidence that the wish to hear opera of all descriptions in the native tongue exists in the hearts of the people, and if our young composers can discover the secret of providing the right material, there is a rich harvest awaiting them at this very moment. A remarkable experience was afforded by the delightful revival of Purcell's "Fairy Queen" at Cambridge last week. It may not be an opera in the accepted meaning of the term, but it is a wonderful entertainment, and at least there was no need to announce in what language it was going to be sung.

CONCERTS.—We note with satisfaction that the performance of Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" drew one of the largest audiences of the season at the Albert Hall last Saturday. The fact tends to confirm what was said recently in this column regarding the true mission of the Royal Choral Society and the value of the Albert Hall for maintaining the interest in choral performance on a large scale. It is the habit of the moderns to smile at music of the broad, melodic, straightforward type that Coleridge-Taylor wrote; but nevertheless his fine setting of Longfellow's poem achieves what was at one time thought to be impossible and holds its own even with such hardened favourites as the "Messiah," "Elijah," and "Dream of Gerontius." More than that it could not very well do.

Duets for two violins formed the conspicuous feature of the London Chamber Concert Society's second concert at Wigmore Hall. They were played with admirable smoothness of ensemble and purity of intonation by the Misses Adila and Jelly d'Aranyi, and in examples by Pugnani, Spohr, and Bach these clever sisters exhibited a degree of mutual understanding that could have only been attained by long training and constant rehearsal. At the same concert Miss Fanny Davies maintained her high reputation by a remarkably clear and finished performance of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110.

There were moments in Mr. Alban Grand's recital at the Aeolian Hall when we thought very highly of his singing, others when his use of his voice and phrasing of certain passages in his songs pleased us less. He has a powerful baritone organ and an unusually sympathetic *mezza voce*, but between the two extremes—nothing. A little of this kind of oscillation goes a long way. That Mr. Alban Grand is a painstaking and intelligent artist there can be no question; but it is equally certain that opera is his real *métier*, and that he will always be heard to greater advantage on the stage than in the concert-room.

On Monday night the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, occupied Queen's Hall what time Sir Henry Wood, with a contingent of his men, crossed over to Wigmore Hall, and accompanied a new Italian pianist, Miss Olga Carmine in Scriabin's early concerto in F sharp minor and Mr. York Bowen's Fantasia in D minor. In both places interesting work was done, but we can mention only the performance of the Scriabin, a composition redolent of Schumann and Chopin, yet not without touches of originality that foreshadow the growing idealist. It was brilliantly played by Miss Carmine, who proved herself a thorough artist.

LIBRARY TABLE

'DEVILLE McKEENE,' by Rowland Walker (Partridge, 3s. 6d. net), is a boy's tale of the exploits of a mysterious airman on the Western front, full of hair-breadth escapes and happenings unknown to weaker mortals.

'BLINDMAN,' by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Chapman and Hall, 6s. net), is a collection of short stories of considerable power and, for the most part, of singular unpleasantness. On the whole, people who like to be comfortable had better not read it, while those who can understand the implications of the stories would like them just a shade better done. Still, the author makes her mark.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

Funds £24,650,000

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

'THE NEBULY COAT,' by John M. Falkiner, 'FATHERS OF MEN' by E. W. Hornung, 'THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE' by Kathleen Norris, and PETER'S MOTHER by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. All of them are old favourites and welcome in this form, but we cannot refrain from giving a special word of commendation to 'The Nebuly Coat,' which seems to us exceptionally fine as description, as character study, and as a story. The general appearance of this series is very pleasing, and the type is clear.

'A DAUGHTER OF THE LAND.' by Gene Stratton Porter (Murray, 3s. 6d. net) is a cheap reprint of a favourite story by this popular author. It has, if we may be allowed to make comparisons in such a case, a great deal more solid material to its composition than a popular favourite usually has need of, and is quite worth the attention of the more serious reader.

'VALMOUTH,' by Ronald Firbank (Grant Richards, 6s. net), is written in the style of a drunk Aubrey Beardsley with a frontispiece by A. John in the style of a bad Conder. The less unintelligible parts of it seem to us disgusting.

Messrs. Constable have sent us two new volumes of their 'Westminster Library of Fiction,' 3s. 6d. net 'THE OLD DOMINION,' by Mary Johnston, and 'BROKE OF COVENANT,' by J. C. Snaith. They are, both of them, important works which should be on the shelves of lovers of fiction, and no better setting of them could be desired. They are well printed on good paper and cased in a cover of good design.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL contains besides its usual content of theological and ethical discussion a couple of papers of more general interest. Mr. Hocart attacks the general assumption that men of to-day using "primitive" tools and leading "primitive" lives afford us any guide as to the religion or social relations of the "primitive" men of prehistoric ages. The beliefs and customs of the natives of Central Australia have undergone variation and growth for the same number of thousands of years as those of the Mediterranean shores, though probably at a different rate. It thus follows that there is a better chance of arriving at the primitive religion of mankind by comparing all known religions of civilised races than by examining the lowest savages and formulating beliefs for them. Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy contributes an article on the state of religion in Bolshevik Russia. It seems fairly certain that it is only in the Church that Russia can hope to find a steady nucleus round which a modern state can be built. The *émigrés* of to-day are as disunited and as great a hindrance to any reconstruction of their country as those of France were in the French Revolution, and nothing can be hoped from them; but the revival of the Russian Church may enable it to build up on the traditional feeling of the peasant, and on his economic hatred of Bolshevism, a new country.

THE LONDON MERCURY for January contains one good article, by Mr. Squire, whose theme is the influence of the Authorised Version: one fair, by Mr. Clutton-Brock on Blake as a prophet, which contains much common sense written in the sentences balanced on a pivot in the middle which are becoming tiresome after having seemed personal; and an informative one by Mr. Ingpen on the publishers of Shelley. Mr. Walter de la Mare gives us a prose fancy, Mr. Robert Nichols rhymes "briers" with "suspires," and there is some good poetry.

THE ODYSSEY. A. T. Murray. Part 2. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net. (The Loeb Classical Library.)

We welcome this second and final instalment of the Loeb Odyssey, which, possibly from greater familiarity, we find more satisfying than the first. We may still notice here and there a tendency to what seems like change for the mere sake of changing. But even in these instances the effect is of stimulus rather than irritation. We feel moreover duly grateful for the lightness of weight and clearness in printing which make this edition especially appropriate to fireside reading in days when the fireside must be closely hugged, if it is to impart any warmth at all.

'SERENITY: ESSAYS AND REFLECTIONS,' October, 1917.—July, 1919. By the author of 'Peace of Mind.' Melrose, 4s. 6d. net.

The author of these essays thanks various reviewers for not revealing his identity. We do not know who he is, and a perusal of his work has not greatly interested us in his personality. He does not seem to us to write with any particular distinction, and he develops commonplaces which people take for granted nowadays. He writes with some of the solemnity of the old *Quarterlies*. "The foregoing is an almost necessary exordium to my subject"; such remarks might be omitted. On the other hand, he has good taste in literature and extensive reading. We are glad to see a commendation of James Payn's 'Literary Recollections,' and other books little known to the impatient reader of to-day. We think Lord Morley's 'Recollections' overpraised. They have a complacency which is not pleasing. The dictum of Schiller (p. 46) is sound, but has gone wrong through the printer. It might be applied to these essays. We refuse to believe that a fine style ever came to any pen "without beckoning," or that the note of most of the writing about to-day is individual. The cliché and base journalism flourish everywhere. To say that Mr. Lloyd George "has not the quality of steadiness" is not to say much. We can see readers going through this book with mild pleasure, but not taking from it anything that they remember as really striking. If the writer would become less serene and more personal and audacious, he would, we think, increase the number of his readers. We should not believe in him the less because he indulged occasionally in epigram. He confesses to a few honest prejudices, especially in early days, and we like him for revealing them.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS

- Benefactress, The (new edition) (Lady Russell). Macmillan. 3s net.
 Book Prices, current (vol. 33). Elliot Stock. £1 12s. 6d. net.
 Burial of the Dead, The (W. H. F. Basevi). Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.
 Burial Service, A (W. S. Godfrey). Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.
 Chill Hours (Helen Mackay). Melrose. 6s. net.
 Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (Ernest L. Bogart). Oxford University Press.
 Conquerors of Palestine, The (Major H. O. Lock). Robert Scott. 7s. 6d.
 Contact with the other World (James H. Hyslop). Werner Laurie. 2s.
 Collected Fruits of Occult Teaching (A. P. Sinnett). Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.
 Confessions of a Private (Frank Gray). Blackwell. 6s. net.
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The Chairman, explaining the absence for reasons of health of Mr. Arthur Hirst, said: I persuaded him that it was entirely in the interests of the shareholders that he should take this rest and recover his health and get into condition to face the arduous work which he will have to undergo on his return.

You have received notice of the resolutions for the consideration of which this extraordinary general meeting of the company has been called, and they have now been read to you. You will also have read the proposals for the reconstruction of the company, and you are therefore familiar with the details of the reconstruction scheme. I will, however, just briefly outline the scheme to you, and then give you our reasons for suggesting it, making special reference to the creation of the 250,000 new Preference shares. As you are aware, the share capital of the company is now as follows: 25,000 £1 Seven per Cent. Preference shares (non-participating), 160,000 5s. Preferred Ordinary shares (participating), and 200,000 Ordinary shares of 1s. We intend under the scheme to exchange the 25,000 Seven per Cent. Preference shares for 25,000 Eight per Cent. Preference shares in the new company, and to convert the 160,000 5s. Preferred Ordinary shares into £1 Preferred Ordinary shares, and the 200,000 1s. Ordinary shares into £1 Ordinary shares. The reason for converting the Preferred Ordinary shares and the Deferred Ordinary shares into £1 shares is, as we have already explained, to bring the nominal issued capital of the company more in accordance with the true value of its assets.

Now I come to the Preference shares. At the moment we have only a small issue of 25,000 £1 Seven per Cent. Non-participating Preference shares. We propose to create 250,000 £1 Eight per Cent. Non-participating Preference shares, of which 25,000 are to be reserved for exchange with the holders of the existing Preference shares. There will thus remain 225,000 of these shares. After mature consideration, your directors decided a short time ago to purchase the whole of the Ordinary share capital of Wilcock and J. Rhodes, Ltd. The purchase price was £175,000, and the vendors stipulated that they should have the right to subscribe for 75,000 Eight per Cent. Preference shares in Geo. H. Hirst and Co., Ltd., at par. After providing for this issue, there remain 150,000 Preference shares. Arrangements were made with our bankers to provide £100,000 of the cash required to complete the purchase pending an issue of Preference shares to pay off the loan, and we shall therefore shortly offer 100,000 of these shares at par to the shareholders pro rata according to their holdings. I have little doubt they will be readily taken up, as they not only give an excellent return, but they are a very well-secured share, inasmuch as the existing Debentures are to be paid off under this scheme, and these Preference shares will practically be a first charge on all the assets of Geo. H. Hirst and Co. Ltd. and Wilcock and J. Rhodes Ltd. The combined net income of these two businesses, before allowing for taxation, is now over £130,000 per annum, while the interest on the proposed total issue of 200,000 Preference shares at 8 per cent. only absorbs £16,000 per annum.

I must now say a few words concerning Wilcock and J. Rhodes Ltd., and the reasons which induced us to purchase the business. For a great number of years the demand for our goods has been far in excess of our production, and in consequence we have had to refuse year after year very substantial orders. The opportunity arose quite recently to purchase the Ordinary share capital in the well-known business of Wilcock and J. Rhodes Ltd., Brierley Mills, Birstall, which are considered to be one of the best mills in the West Riding district, and as this company has plenty of land on which extensions can be built, your directors did not hesitate to acquire this property, as it will very materially assist them in meeting the demands which they now have to refuse, and it will also be possible to build extensions which cannot be carried out at the works of this company. The present profits of Wilcock and J. Rhodes Ltd. are sufficient not only to provide the interest on the capital required to purchase the business, but to give a substantial surplus which will be available for the shareholders of Geo. H. Hirst and Co., Ltd.

We have provided under the scheme for the payment by the old company of six months' fixed dividend on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary shares, and a participating dividend for six months on the Preferred Ordinary and Deferred Ordinary shares at the same rate as last year. Last year we divided in this manner £42,000 for the year. We shall now distribute the sum of £21,000 in the proportion to which the respective classes of shares are entitled—namely, one-third to the Preferred Ordinary shareholders, and two-thirds to the Deferred Ordinary in respect of the six months' trading up to the date of the winding-up of the old company. If the necessary resolutions are passed to-day and at the confirmatory meeting to follow, the dividend warrants will be posted on the last day of this month. Well, gentlemen, I think I need not say anything further to you except that we feel the scheme has been drawn up in the best interest of all classes of shareholders, and we hope it will unanimously be adopted. From the large number of proxies we have received we can say that we have already received the support of a very large number of our shareholders.

Mr. William Webb, J.P., seconded the resolutions, which were carried unanimously at the three separate meetings, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks.

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The Ste. Madeleine Sugar Company has practically concluded an agreement with the Culloden Consolidated Company, by which the latter will form an Oil Company with a capital of £300,000 to exploit and test the Ste. Madeleine oil property, which adjoins the Trinidad Leaseholds. The new Oil Company will issue 100,000 fully paid £1 shares to the Ste. Madeleine Company for the oil rights, and it will also give the Ste. Madeleine shareholders the right of subscribing 50,000 out of the first 100,000 cash shares. The Ste. Madeleine Company, whose present capital is £150,000, is going to sell its assets to a new Company for £60,000 fully paid shares. Each Ste. Madeleine shareholder will receive four new £1 shares; 10s. in cash as bonus; and 1 share in the Oil Company for every £1 share in the old company.

The Rangoon Para Rubber Estates paid no dividend last year; but, despite of the rise of the rupee to 2s. 8d., which has doubled its cost of production, it has had a good year, and will pay a substantial dividend in April. Compared with the F.M.S. and Ceylon, Burma has to contend against a longer dry season; but its labour is plentiful and cheaper; and this particular estate is well managed, both at Twante, near Rangoon, and in London. It is a good 10 per cent. investment. Some people think that in a couple of years there will be a rubber famine, and a repetition of the 1912 boom. If Central Europe and Russia recover their consuming power by that time, demand will certainly exceed supply, as the development of electrical appliances will be added to the tyres and wearing apparel. But we are inclined to think it will be three or four years before Russia and Germany resume their former consumption of rubber.

The Kaffir market continues to disappoint its backers, not because there are any doubts about the duration of the premium on gold for many years to come, and not on account of labour troubles, but because Mr. Solly Joel and his crowd continue to prefer Monte Carlo to Capel Court. Mr. Joel, who is fabulously rich, is the bell-wether of the South African flock, and there will be no real market until he returns. Outsiders will laugh at the idea of one man influencing the prices of securities on the Stock Exchange; but it is none the less a fact that a man of commanding personality, with big money behind him, can do pretty much what he likes in the Kaffir circus. De Beers have been very disappointing and sticky; but their time will come in a month or two. City Deep, Modder B's, and Modder Deep are all good 10 per cent. investments: but the pick of the basket is Central Mining shares, which will go to 15, if not higher, because they have got everything that is good in every country of the world, "from China to Peru." There is something "on" or "up" in Knight's Deep, which at 14s. are worth buying for a rise.

The price of paper has been rising steadily during the last three months, as much as from 15 to 25 per cent., to the dismay of newspaper owners and publishers, and to the manifest profit of paper manufacturers. The shares of one of these fortunate paper manufacturers, John Dickinson & Co., were actually recommended to us by an outside broker's circular, which is like asking a man condemned to be hung to buy shares in a rope factory. We notice that Mr. H. A. Vernet, late Paper Controller, has joined the Board of this same Messrs. John Dickinson & Co. They used to say that a poacher made the best gamekeeper; and conversely we have no doubt that Mr. Vernet, in the course of his official employment, learned much that will be useful in the service of those whom he used to control.

The craze for amalgamation and fusions of interests is being carried too far in this country. We have not yet reached the condition witnessed in the United States a decade or more ago, when the "Trusts" became the centre of a political agitation which carried everything before it at the elections; and it would be out of place to discuss the political aspect of the

movement in this column; but looking at the matter from the financial, commercial or utilitarian standpoints, one wonders what ultimate benefits will accrue from some of the combines that are now being arranged and suggested. One can understand Barkers of Kensington absorbing Derry and Toms, as the two businesses are contiguous; competition can be eliminated and economies effected in many thoroughly legitimate directions. But when Harrods starts striding across the West End to take up Swan and Edgars, Dickins and Jones, and probably other big shops, one wonders where the benefit will be derived in the long run. Doubtless where one buyer (for the Harrods combine) takes the place of three buyers (for Harrods, Dickins and Jones, and Swan and Edgars), he will be able to obtain better terms than if the three were competing for the same goods; but the wholesale houses and the manufacturers are also severally combining in order to meet that aspect of the situation.

In referring specifically to Harrods, we do so merely for the purpose of illustration, and not to suggest that this fusion is particularly objectionable. This reservation applies especially when we proceed to remark that the various amalgamations now being made in all phases of industry are being effected on a basis of high values resulting from the war and from post-war prosperity and extravagance. It is generally assumed that the present activity of trade, which to a large extent represents making up for time lost during the War, will last for two to five years. After that the inevitable reaction is expected. Probably nothing is to be gained by anticipating difficulties five years ahead. There are troubles enough at hand. Leaders of industry are chiefly concerned at the present time in making arrangements to meet the requirements of labour and of the tax collector, and it is possible that the consolidation of capital interests now will be a means of facing the next cycle of declining trade; but it will be well to bear in mind that the large increase of nominal capitalisation caused by the absorption of businesses at present high market valuations may be an uncomfortable factor when trade is quiet and the monthly turnover of merchandise is considerably reduced.

Bankers are already pointing out how enormously their advances to customers for trade and other purposes have increased since the Armistice, at the same time hinting the possibility of dearer interest rates. Having regard to the enormous volume of deposits under their control, the accommodation granted to trade has not been excessive, and, indeed, is not more than reasonable when the high prices of stocks and materials carried by manufacturers are taken into account. There are grounds for believing, however, that in the aggregate large loans are being carried for speculative purposes. The enormous turnover of Stock Exchange business in high-priced shares such as Mexican Eagles, Dunlops, and Shells, is not being done for "cash" in the strictest sense of the term, and the banks are now judiciously curtailing loans used obviously for stock market purposes.



Apollinaris
NATURAL MINERAL WATER

NOW AGAIN OBTAINABLE

Ask for it.

Since its foundation in 1872, the Apollinaris business has always been British owned. £3,000,000 of British money is invested in it, and it has now 4,500 British Shareholders.

BRITISH OWNED

The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., 4, Stratford Place, W.1.

The Special Permission of the Committee of the Stock Exchange for dealing in these Shares after Allotment will be applied for.
The Subscription List will open on the 20th day of February, 1920.
A Copy of the full Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states among other things that

TANKERS LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917).

Share Capital - DIVIDED INTO £5,000,000

2,500,000 8 per cent. Cumulative, Participating up to 15 per cent. Preference Shares of £1 each £2,500,000
2,500,000 Ordinary Shares at £1 each £2,500,000

The Preference Shares entitle the holders to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the Capital paid up thereon, and also to participate *pro rata* with the holders of Ordinary Shares in proportion to the Capital paid up on the Preference and Ordinary Shares respectively in any distribution by way of dividend in any year over and above their fixed cumulative preferential dividend of 8 per cent., and a dividend for that year of 8 per cent. on the Capital paid up on the Ordinary Shares, but so that the total dividend on any Preference Share shall not exceed 15 per cent. for any one year.

The Preference Shares also confer the right in a Winding-up to repayment of the Capital paid up thereon, together with all arrears and accruals of their cumulative dividend (whether declared or not, and whether or not there have been any profits available for the payment thereof) down to the date of repayment, in priority to the Ordinary Shares, and after the repayment of the Capital paid up on the Ordinary Shares the Preference Shares are entitled in priority to any further distribution on the Ordinary Shares to receive a sum equal to 25 per cent. of the Capital paid up on the Preference Shares, but have no further right of participation in the profits or assets of the Company.

ISSUE AT PAR OF
1,500,000 8 PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PARTICIPATING (EXCHANGEABLE) PREFERENCE SHARES OF £1 EACH.
(subject to the Directors' qualification and other Shares for which the Memorandum of Association has been subscribed)

Payable as follows:-**2/6 on Application.**

2/6 " Allotment,
5/- " 1st. day of May, 1920,
5/- " " " July, 1920,
5/- " " " September, 1920,
20/-

Directors.

HOWARD CHAPLIN BACK, Egypt House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.2.
THOMAS JOSEPH CALLAGHAN, Cambrian Buildings, Cardiff.
Sir GILBERT HENRY CLAUGHTON, Bart., The Priory, Dudley, Worcestershire.
Col. JOHN McAUSLAND DENNY, C.B., Leven Shipyard, Dumbarton.
CHAS. F. DE GANAHL, 120, Broadway, New York, and 5, Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place,
London, S.W.1.
JOHN STEVENSON HAMILTON, 34, Lime Street, London, E.C.3.

Directors of
Scottish-
American
Oil &
Transport
Company,
Limited.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED, Head Office, 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, and Branches.
COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, Head Office, George Street, Edinburgh, and
62, Lombard Street, London, E.C., 3, and other branches.

Solicitors.—GRUNDY, KERSHAW, SAMSON & CO., 6, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.

Brokers.—LINTON, CLARKE & CO., Pinners Hall, London, E.C.2.

Auditors.—ALFRED TONGUE & CO., 13, St. Ann Street, Manchester, and 34, West George Street, Glasgow.

Secretary and Registered Officers.—THOMAS FORD, 34, Lime Street, London, E.C.3

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed for the objects mentioned in its Memorandum of Association and particularly for the purposes of:-

- (1) Purchasing and building Oil Tankers.
- (2) Chartering Oil Tankers to Scottish-American Oil and Transport Co., Ltd. (hereinafter called Scottish-American) on mutually favourable terms.
- (3) Carrying on the business of ship owners, especially for the carrying of oil.
- (4) Buying, selling and generally dealing in ships of all kinds.

Under the Agreement with the Company mentioned below Scottish-American agree to charter the first twelve oil tankers owned by the Company at an annual rental equal to 10 per cent. on the actual cost to the Company of the ships, plus 5 per cent. on such cost for depreciation. During construction of oil tankers to be chartered to Scottish-American the latter agree to pay to Tankers interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on all sums actually paid by Tankers in respect of such ships. The Charters are to run for twenty years, unless terminated by Scottish-American at the expiration of eight years or any subsequent time.

Scottish-American have also the right of taking on similar terms any further oil tankers owned by the Company.

As Scottish-American will pay all outgoings in respect of the ships chartered to them the Company will have neither work nor responsibility in regard to such ships, and will receive from Scottish-American the rents mentioned above.

For the purpose of acquiring tankers the Company has entered into arrangements under which Vickers, Limited, and Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Co., Ltd., will lay down six and five Tankers respectively. These ships are to be constructed at cost plus an allowance, thus obviating any element of speculation. These firms have also agreed to place the berths at which these tankers will be constructed at the disposal of the Company for a period of ten years, thus insuring a steady addition to the Company's fleet.

The Company is also acquiring from Scottish-American an oil tanker of 5,549 tons gross register at the price of £350,000 in cash, being the price at which the same was acquired by Scottish-American.

The Directors anticipate that with the funds available from the present issue and from the Shares to be issued to Scottish-American and by means of mortgaging their ships they should have a fleet costing approximately £4,500,000, on which the profits should be as follows:-

Rent (irrespective of 5 per cent. for depreciation)
at 10 per cent. per annum on £4,500,000 £450,000 0 0
Less 7 p.c. on Mortgage for, say, £1,500,000 105,000 0 0

Deduct fixed preferential dividend on 1,500,000
8 p.c. Cumulative Participating (Convertible)
Preference Shares 120,000 0 0

Leaving a balance of £225,000 0 0
available (subject to Reserves, Remuneration to Directors and Officials, etc.) for dividend on the Ordinary Shares and further dividends on the Preference Shares. Moreover, the depreciation fund will, it is anticipated, be used for building additional ships which in turn would be hired at the above rates giving a steadily increasing and cumulative return available for further dividend.

The Directors confidently believe that the demand for tankers is much in excess of any number that can be built for some years.

It will be observed that all the preliminary expenses are payable by Scottish-American.

The Contracts include an agreement dated the 18th day of February, 1920, between the Company of the one part and Linton, Clarke & Co., of the other part, whereby the latter guarantee the subscription of the Preference shares now offered for a commission of 5 per cent. Linton, Clarke and Co. have entered into various sub-underwriting Agreements.

The minimum subscription on which the Company may proceed to allotment is fixed by the Articles of Association at seven Shares of any class, but as mentioned below the whole of the Preference Shares have been underwritten.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, or any of their branches with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

A brokerage of 3d. per Share will be paid on all Preference Shares allotted to the public on applications made on forms bearing the stamps of Bankers, Brokers, or recognised agents, other than applications made in direct relief of underwriting.

Application will in due course be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a settlement in and official quotation of the Shares.

Copies of this Prospectus and Application Forms can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and also from the Company's Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

No application will be entertained except upon the terms of the full prospectus as filed and published.